

No. 1179

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1928

Price 8 Cents

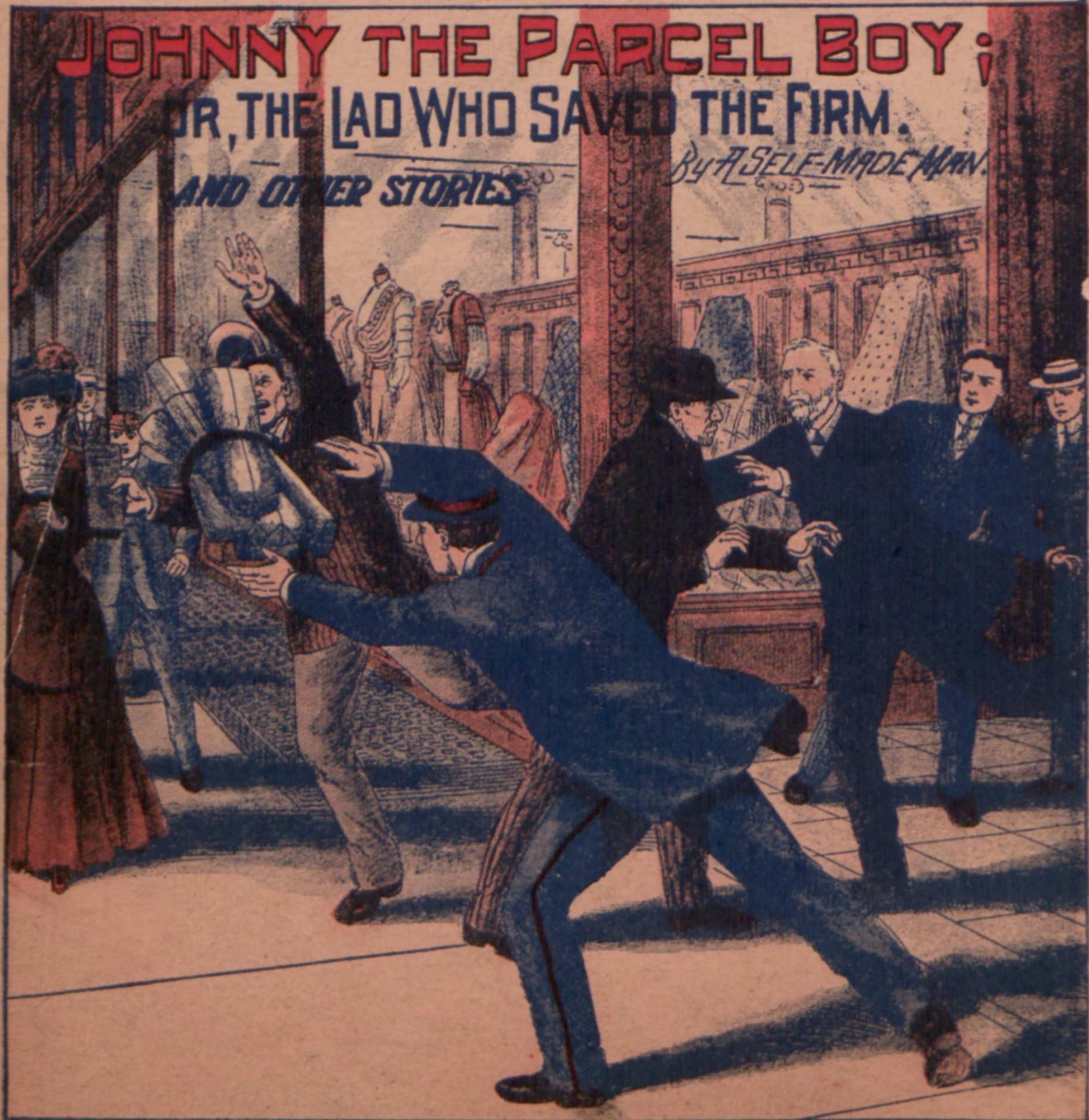
FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

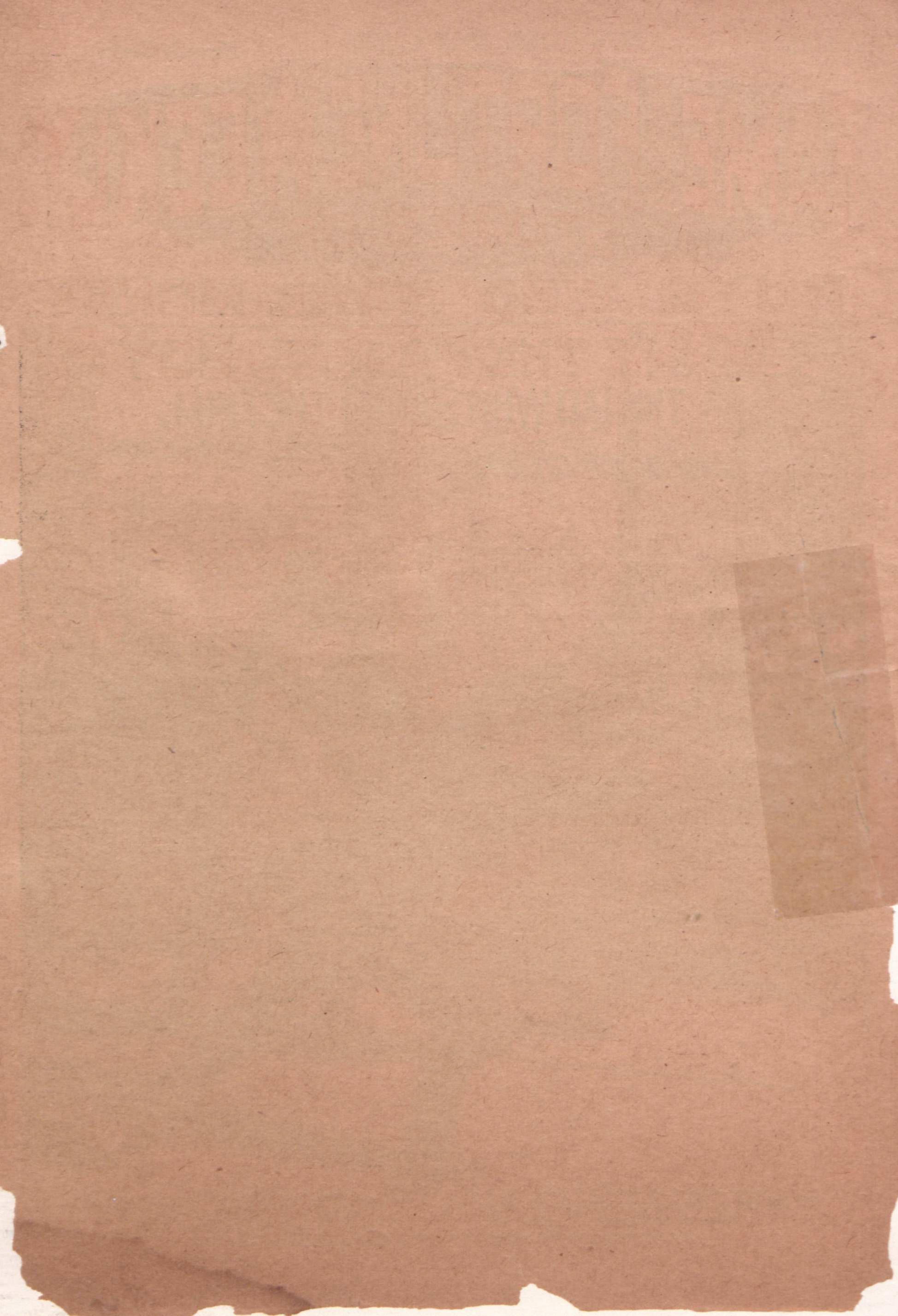
JOHNNY THE PARCEL BOY;
DR. THE LAD WHO SAVED THE FIRM.

AND OTHER STORIES

By A SELF-MADE MAN.



While one of the rascals blocked the floorwalker, his companion started for the door with the stolen pocketbook. Johnny, attracted to the spot by the disturbance, flung his packages at the fellow, knocking the wallet from his hand.



FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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Johnny the Parcel Boy

OR, THE LAD WHO SAVED THE FIRM

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Johnny and His Mother.

"Mother, mother, where are you?" cried Johnny Green, bursting into the living-room of the cheap tenement in which he and his widowed mother lived together. "I've caught on to a job."

"Do ye name that?" cried Mrs. Green, who had come from Ennis, County Clare, Ireland, and had never lost the brogue or the manners of the old sod, stopping her scrubbing over a steaming tub full of soapsuds, and looked at her only son.

"Yes, mother. Aren't you glad?"

"Faith I am. It's about time, I'm thinkin', ye got somethin' to do, for it's behind in the rint I've been these three months."

"Why, nobody has asked you to pay rent for quite a while," replied Johnny.

"That ain't sayin' it isn't due to somebody. It's dispossessed we'd have been if the landlord—rest his soul!—hadn't dide sudden like and left his rilatives to squabble over his property."

"Which was lucky for us and the rest of the tenants, for since he turned up his toes nobody has been around to collect."

"But when they settle the matter among themselves it's a fine lump of money we'll all be owin'."

"Don't you worry about that, mother. Time enough to think about it when the court decides who's entitled to demand the money."

"If he wanted it all down on the nail I'd niver be able to pay."

"Gilligan, down stairs, says it's cheaper to move than pay rent," grinned the boy.

"Well, it isn't me that would shate the landlord if I could help meself. Now, do be after tellin' me what kind of a job ye have got, and whin do ye go to work?"

"I've been hired by Duncan & Rich, a Grand Street dry-goods store, to help carry parcels around to their customers."

"And how much are they goin' to pay ye for doin' that?"

"Four dollars to begin with. That will help you out, mother."

"Sure it will."

"We'll have turkey every day now, won't we?" laughed the boy.

"Turkey, is it? At the price of mate these days it's lucky ye'll be if ye have corn beef and cabbage on Sunday."

"They say meat is going down."

"Goin' down! Since whin?"

"Going down people's throats when they eat it," chuckled Johnny.

"It's witty ye are, like your poor father, Heaven rest him!"

"He was a good man, wasn't he, mother?"

"Sure he was, may his soul rest in glory! The only thing I iver had ag'in him was that he told me before we were married that he was well off."

"Maybe he was but didn't know it," grinned Johnny, getting on the other side of the washtub.

"What do you mean by that?" asked his mother, suspiciously.

"Why, wasn't he well off in getting you to marry him? It was the luckiest thing that ever happened to him."

"Oh, that's what you mane?" said Mrs. Green, mollified at once. "Faith, I thought maybe you meant somethin' else."

"What else could I mean? You're an angel, mother."

"Go along now with your blarney. You take that from your father, peace to him!"

"But you are an angel, mother."

"What do the likes of ye know about angels?"

"Haven't I seen pictures of them, with wings and shiny clothes?"

"So have I. And it's like them pictures I am at this blessid minute, wid me dress tucked up, and me red face and hands, after standin' over this tub for the last hour tryin' to get out Mrs. Brown's wash ag'in sundown so I could get the money that'll buy a bit of supper for us."

"You work too hard, mother."

"Well, one of these days whin ye are a man mebbe you'll make money enough so I can dress like a lady and ride around in me own carriage," smiled his mother.

"I expect to. I intend to buy a house for you so you can live rent free."

"Oh, ye do? And whin do ye think that will happen?"

"One of these days."

"That's what I supposed. Your father, rest him, was always goin' to do wonders, to. He was a truck driver, ye know, and sometimes he made a power of money."

"Why didn't you freeze on to it and put it in the bank?"

"Because he spint most of it before he got home. He'd have been a fine man if he'd only

let whisky alone. That was the ruination of him. I trust you won't take to drink, me boy. Sure it would break me heart if ye did."

"Don't be afraid, mother; I hate whisky. I never mean to drink anything stronger than water."

"Heaven bless you! Ye may kiss me for sayin' that."

"How many times, mother?"

"Once. Isn't that enough for ye?"

"No, I want a dozen. You're the finest mother in the world," cried Johnny, catching her in his arms and smothering her with his embrace.

"Go along wid your blarney, ye decateful boy," laughed the widow, feeling very happy just the same. "Now tell me, whin do you go to work?"

"To-morrow morning. I must be at the store at eight sharp."

"What's to prevent ye?"

"Nothing, I hope."

"Go along wid ye now, and lave me finish me wash," said the widow, walking back to the tub and resuming her interrupted labor. "If ye want to be of some use take them things in the pan and hang 'em on the line. By the time ye get them out there will be more for ye. If the clothes on the other line are dry take them in and see if the irons are hot. By helpin' me a little I'll get through sooner and thin we'll have supper all the quicker."

Johnny had no objection to making himself useful, and he did all his mother asked him to attend to.

"You're a good b'y, so ye are."

"When I'm asleep," laughed Johnny.

"And when ye are awake, too, though ye have been a trial at times; but b'ys will be b'ys."

"You mean boys will be men—when they get old enough."

"I hope you'll be as fine a lookin' man as your father, rest his soul! It's afeard I am the girls will all be sparkin' ye, and thin ye'll forget all about your poor mother who's worked for ye so mnay years."

"I'll never forget you, mother, don't you worry. A fellow can find lots of girls, but he never can have but one mother."

"That's the truest thing ye ever said. But b'ys and girls, too, some of them, do not appreciate their mothers. Look at Maggie Sullivan, nixt door. She works in a paper box factory all day, and whin she gets home at night she niver helps her mother wash the dishes, as she ought, for Mrs. Sullivan works hard all day herself. No, she sits down and ates her supper as if she was a lady and thin she marches down to the stoop to gallivant wid the Riley b'ys nixt dure."

"I can't do anything more for you mother, can I?" asked Johnny.

"No, where are ye goin'?"

"Down to the river. It's the last afternoon I expect to have for some time to come."

"Thin go by all manes. Be sure you're back by siven for your supper."

So Johnny Green started for the East River, feeling happy that he had secured a position at last, and would be able to help his hard-working mother.

CHAPTER II.—Johnny Distinguishes Himself.

The piers were favorite lounging places for Johnny when he had nothing better to occupy his time. He had been accustomed to them from his earliest recollection. He had never lived more than three or four blocks at the most from the river, consequently they were handy for him to frequent. He had learned to swim between the docks, and many a chase had the policeman on post given him and his companions for gamboling in the water in nature's unadorned attire, which was against the law.

Johnny knew nearly all the boys in his neighborhood though he did not associate with the tougher element when he could avoid doing so. Many of his acquaintances left the public school he attended as soon as the law permitted them to go to work. Johnny would probably have done the same but for the fact that his mother was ambitious that he should graduate, and she worked extra hard, and made many sacrifices, to this end.

So Johnny got his diploma, and then he started without delay to hunt for a situation. Summer is not the best time to secure a position, and so six weeks elapsed before he caught on with Duncan & Rich, as stated in the preceding chapter, which he got through an advertisement in a morning daily. The superintendent picked him out of more than a hundred applicants, and the boy was tickled to death over his success. Johnny knew many of the longshoremen working on Pier No. —, and as soon as he reached the dock he began telling these men, as he met them, that he was going to work in a store as parcel boy next morning. Finally he spied a friend of his named Billy Davis seated on the end stringpiece fishing. He joined him.

"Hello, Billy, got news for you," he said.

"What is it?" asked Billy, curiously.

"I'm going to work tomorrow."

"That so? What you goin' to do?"

"Carry parcels around for Duncan & Rich, of Grand street."

"Aw! Why don't you learn a trade? Bimeby you could join a Union and get swell wages."

"I'm satisfied with what I've got. In time I expect to get promoted, and one of these days I might get to be superintendent."

"How much are you going to get to start with?"

"Four dollars."

"That ain't so bad. I know a feller who just went to work in a printin' office for three plunks; but he'll get more bimeby."

"When do you expect to go to work, Billy?"

"Dunno. I like this better'n workin'," he grinned.

"You've got a father bringing in money, so I suppose it doesn't make so much difference with you; but it's a wonder he doesn't make you get a job."

"The old woman chases me out every mornin' with orders to look up a job, but I haven't found anythin' yet."

"Do you try hard?" asked Johnny, who had his doubts on the subject.

"Sure I try, but it's summer now, and there ain't nothin' doin'."

"There are lots of boys advertised for in the papers."

"I know it, but there's a hundred fellers lookin' for every job. I guess you know that yourself. How many was there after the position you got?"

"A long string. More than a hundred, I guess."

"Were you at the head of the line?"

"No. There were fifty ahead of me."

"How did you catch on then?" asked Bill, evidently surprised.

"Just my luck, I suppose."

"I ain't got no such luck. Every place I've been I got left."

"I was disappointed lots of times, but I persevered and finally I've succeeded in landing. If you expect to get a job you must do the same."

"The water looks fine, doesn't it? Wish we dared go in before dark. Comin' down after supper?"

"Maybe. Hello, here comes a steam yacht. Steering close in to get out of the way of the ferryboat. It's fine to be rich and sail around in one of those boats. Isn't she a dandy? As neat as a new pin. See how the brass work shines."

"Look at them lucky kids aboard of her. I'll bet she's owned by some trust magnate who's squeezed the people with high prices to pay for it. You and me has got to work in hot weather, while them bloated kids, with their fine clothes, go around enjoyin' themselves, and eatin' the fat of the land. I don't call that a fair deal for us. We have as much right to lay off in summer as they have, but that's all the good it does us. My old man says the rich can ride in chaises, but the poor must work like blazes, and it's a fact."

At that moment a big tug shot from a pier close by and almost ran into the yacht. She just managed to come around a few yards from the vessel's side, and the swell she churned up made the yacht give a big roll to starboard. The two children were leaning over the stern rail at the moment and the little girl lost her balance and pitched head first with a scream into the river.

Johnny and Billy were looking at them at the time, and both uttered exclamations of consternation at the accident.

"She's a goner for sure," cried Billy.

Johnny, sensible that the little girl was in grave peril of her life, peeled off his jacket, kicked off his shoes, and dived overboard to aid her.

While all was in confusion aboard the yacht, and ditto on the tug, Johnny came up blowing and began swimming for the spot where the girl went down. In a few moments she came to the surface, Johnny spied her golden head, and redoubled his efforts to reach her, but she went down a second time before he could cover the distance, though he was an excellent swimmer. Finally he saw her insensible form rising slowly just under the surface. He dived like a fish, grabbed her and rose with her in his arms. By this time a boat was coming from the yacht, and the tug was backing up.

Johnny easily held the child up until the boat shot alongside, and a man with a gilt-braided cap rushed down and took his burden into the boat.

"Now, my lad, give me your hand," said the officer.

But Johnny had already started back for the pier, satisfied with having done his duty.

"Hold on, there, aren't you coming into the boat?" asked the man.

"No," replied Johnny.

"What's your name?"

"Johnny Green," and then he shot ahead, and didn't hear the officer ask for his address. As the child was wet and unconscious the officer did not deem it well to waste any more time, so he ordered the men to pull for the yacht, where the child's mother was waiting them in a frantic state of uncertainty. Johnny took his time in reaching the pier for the water felt good even with most of his clothes on, and he determined to enjoy his unexpected bath as much as he could.

The presence of a policeman in front of a bunch of longshoremen, all looking at him, told him that he would be speedily pulled out. When he got within a yard of the dock he dived suddenly and came up under the pier out of sight.

He climbed up the piles, made his way over the cross pieces, and crawled on the warf some yards behind the crowd. Then he gave a shout and all hands turned and saw him standing like a dripping Newfoundland dog.

"Here's your coat and shoes," said Billy, running up to him. "Gee! You're all right. You saved the girl, and you ought to get a reward for it."

"Don't want any reward," replied Johnny, who felt that inward satisfaction that all persons experience when they have done their duty.

"Young fellow, you're quite a hero," said the policeman. "What's your name and where do you live?"

"What do you want to know for?" asked Johnny, suspiciously, as the officer produced a notebook and pencil.

"I've got to report this incident at the station when I'm relieved, so I must have whatever particulars I can get hold of."

Johnny gave his name and address, and then asked the cop if he could take his clothes off behind a pile of freight and lay them out to dry in the sun.

"That will be a good excuse for you to take a swim," smiled the officer. "Considering the circumstances, you can do it."

"Say, can I go in with him to keep him company?" asked Billy, eagerly.

"If I catch you going into the water I'll run you in," replied the policeman.

"Aw, be a sport, and forget that you see me," replied Billy. "Think how hot it is this afternoon. There won't be nothin' but a greasespot left of me if I don't go in and cool off."

The officer was obdurate, and wouldn't give Billy liberty to transgress the law. By that time Johnny was out of his last stitch, which he had spread on the top of the freight, and a moment later he dropped into the river and began enjoying himself hugely, while Billy looked down at him, his face the picture of disgust because the official ban was on him. Johnny was in and out of the water more than an hour, by which time his clothes were sufficiently dry for him to put on. Then he and Billy started for their homes, the latter with half a dozen small fish strung on a line. When they parted he handed the fish to Johnny.

JOHNNY THE PARCEL BOY

"Don't you want them, Billy?" asked Johnny.

"No. It wouldn't do for me to bring them into the house. My old woman would say I had been loafin' on the pier instead of lookin' for a position, and she'd tell my old man when he came home, and then maybe I'd catch a lickin'."

"I see," laughed Johnny, taking the fish and starting for his own tenement.

CHAPTER III.—Johnny Has a Run-in With Michael Feeney.

The three back rooms that Johnny and his mother occupied on the top floor of the big tenement house were locked up when the boy got home. His mother had gone to deliver Mrs. Brown's wash and collect her pay, so the hero of this story had to cool his heels on the landing till she got back. He sat down on the top stair thinking about the pretty little girl whose life he had saved.

He wondered who she was, and who her father was and whether he was a bloated trust magnate, as Bily Davis had suggested. The girl had such a sweet, refined face, so different from the girls of the tenement district, with whom he associated, that she appeared to him to belong to a different order of human beings.

"Rich people are different from poor people," he muttered. "They're ever so much nicer. They never have dirty faces, or common clothes. I wish I could associate with nice people, but I'm not in that swim. My mother is a poor wash-woman and my father was only a truckman. I ain't good enough for nice people to take notice of. Well, I don't care. I saved that little girl's life, and that's as much as any nice person could do if he tried. Maybe he wouldn't try for fear of spoiling his fine clothes. I suppose that girl will never know who it was who saved her. Maybe she wouldn't care to know that a tenement-house boy saved her. Her father wouldn't offer me five or ten dollars, maybe, as a reward for pulling her out of the water. That chap in the boat wanted me to go aboard the yacht, but I'm glad I didn't do it. I wouldn't have liked the girl's father to offer me pay for what I did. I wouldn't have taken it anyway, and then he'd have thought I was stuck up for a poor boy."

At that moment Michael Feeney, a youth who lived in one of the tenements on that floor, came out and started for the stairs. He and Johnny were not on good terms. Feeney was tough and quarrelsome, and hated Johnny because the latter was so much better educated than he was, with more refined tastes as well. When he saw Johnny his face took on an ugly look. Seeing the string of fish he supposed that our hero had been fishing. Feeling in an aggressive mood, which meant that he was looking for trouble, he gave the fish a kick that sent them flying down the flight.

"What did you do that for, Michael Feeney?" asked Johnny, angrily.

"Just for fun, to see a little dog run," grinned Feeney, malevolently.

"Then you run after them," said Johnny, giving Feeney a sudden shove that started him sliding down the stairs in a hurry.

He caught the banister and arrested his

progress. Then he turned around and rushed back, with blood in his eye, intending to do Johnny up.

"I'll smash you for that," he roared.

Johnny was no coward, and furthermore a long-shoreman had taught him to box so that he was well able to handle himself against any boy of his class.

"What right had you to kick my fish down-stairs?" replied Johnny, putting himself on the defensive.

"Because I felt like it, see?" cried Feeney, aiming a blow at Johnny's head.

Johnny dodged and handed him out a neat clip on the nose.

"Wow! I'll nail you!" cried Feeney, running to close with the other.

Johnny only partially eluded him and the next moment they were at it hammer and tongs. It was a stiff scrap while it lasted; but it didn't last long. Johnny was getting the better of Feeney when Mrs. Green appeared with several bundles in her arms.

"For Hivin's sake, is it fightin' ye are, Johnny Green?" she cried. "Lave off now, both of ye."

She gave Feeney a back-handed blow that bowled him over and ordered her son to follow her into the apartment.

"I must get my fish first, mother," and Johnny darted downstairs, picked them up and returned, his mother waiting to see that Feeney did not resume the scrap.

"Now, get in wid ye. How dare ye fight, ye bad boy?" cried Mrs. Green, pushing Johnny through the door ahead of her. "Ye ought to be ashamed of yourself, so ye ought."

"It wasn't my fault," protested Johnny, as the shutting of the door cut off Feeney's scowling face. "I was sitting on the stairs waiting for you to come, when Feeney came out of his rooms and without a word to me kicked my string of fish downstairs. Do you suppose I was going to stand for that? Not from Feeney or any other loafer like him."

"Come out, you lobster, and I'll wipe the floor with you," shouted Feeney, who was listening outside.

"You will?" cried Johnny, making a dash for the door.

His mother was too quick for him and grabbed hold of his arm.

"Ye'll do no more fightin', do ye understand that?" she cried, angrily.

"Are you going to let him crow over me?" said Johnny.

"No matter. Take off your hat and sit down in that chair. If you move out of it before supper is ready I'll give you more than that loafer Feeney did."

"Who's a loafer?" cried Feeney. "I'm no more a loafer than you are."

"Let me at him, mother," cried Johnny.

"Sit down, will ye?"

"He insulted you. He called you a loafer. I'll knock the daylights out of him for that," cried Johnny, struggling to reach the door.

"No ye won't, I'll attind to him meself," cried Mrs. Green.

She pushed her son back and opened the door. The moment Feeney saw her he dashed for the stairs and went down them like a snow slide. He

had no wish to encounter the muscular arms of the Irish woman.

"Send your lobster of a son out and I'll put it all over him," he yelled back.

"Ye'll put nothin' over him, Michael Feeney," returned Mrs. Creen. "If ye have the bad manners to insult me wid your dirty tongue ag'in, I'll give you what Molly gave the cat, bad cess to you. Now go on about your business."

Mrs. Green returned to her apartment and slammed the door with a good deal of energy. Then she began preparations for supper.

"Will you cook the fish, mother?" asked Johnny.

"Sure I will if ye wish me to. Where are they?"

"On the table."

"Is that all ye caught? And such little ones, too. Why, they won't make a mouthful for ye," said his mother, taking them up and looking at them.

"I didn't catch them. A friend of mine named Billy Davis caught them at the end of Pier —, and he gave them to me because he was afraid to take them home."

"Why so?"

Johnny explained the reason.

"The lazy young ruff'n! So it's fishin' he was instead of lukin' for a job? It's no good end he'll come to unless he mends his ways."

"Mother, what do you suppose I did while I was done by the river?"

"How should I know?" asked the widow as she put the kettle on to boil.

"I saved a little girl from drowning."

"Is that a fact?" said his mother in some astonishment.

"She fell off the deck of a steam yacht that was passing the end of the pier."

"Glory be! And how did you save her?"

"I jumped in and caught her when she came up for the last time."

"What, wid your clothes on?"

"Except my jacket and shoes. I took them off and dried them afterward."

"Well, well; sure it's quite a hero ye made of yourself. What did the girl's father and mother say to ye?"

"Nothing. I didn't see them. Listen, and I'll tell you all about it."

Johnny told the story of the incident.

"They must have been swell people to own a steam yacht. Maybe they'll send somebody to find ye, and give ye a hundred dollar bill. That would be a god-send to us poor people. I could pay me rent in full thin whin the collector comes around."

"I wouldn't take pay for saving that girl."

"Ye wouldn't? Is it a fool ye are entirely?"

"I hope not; but I don't believe in being paid for saving a person's life. It was my duty to do it if I could."

"Your juty. That's all right, but whin a person offers ye money ye must niver refuse it, do ye mind?"

"There are exceptions to that rule, mother."

"I niver heard of any. I hope it's not too proud ye are to take what rightfully belongs to ye. Remimber we nade the money."

"All right, mother," replied Johnny, who didn't want to continue the argument.

He switched the conversation around to the subject of the job he had secured and in a few minutes supper was ready, and mother and son sat down to their humble meal with better appetites than many wealthy folks could command at a swell feast to which they were accustomed.

CHAPTER IV.—Johnny Turns Down a \$1,000 check.

Next morning Johnny appeared at the shipping department of Duncan & Rich and reported ready for duty. He was put to work with several other boys sorting packages that were to be delivered that morning. The firm had half a dozen wagons that carried the goods around, Johnny was subsequently assigned to one of them. He sat on the seat with the driver until they reached an address where a parcel had to be left, then he jumped and carried the bundle into the house, and left it with the person to whom it was addressed. This was no sinecure, for most of Duncan & Rich's customers were people who lived in tenement houses and flats and it was no uncommon thing for Johnny to have to walk up to the top floor to make a delivery.

If he was fortunate enough to be in the store around noontime he had half an hour for lunch, otherwise he didn't eat till the wagon got back, whatever time that might be.

His time for quitting likewise depended on the number of bundles to be delivered on the last trip out. He didn't get home till eight o'clock on his first day. Supper was waiting for him in the oven.

"It's late ye are, Johnny," she said.

"I quit work half an hour ago," he answered.

"Do they kape ye so late?"

Johnny explained how circumstances regulated his time for getting off. His mother was satisfied and told him to sit up to the table.

"A ginteleman with brass buttons and gold lace on his cap called to see you to-day. He came from that yacht. He left a piece of paper on which he writ somethin'. It's on the shelf beyant. Ye can read it whin ye get through."

"What did he say?"

"He said ye saved the young lady's life by bein' so prompt in jumpin' overboard to her aid. She's the daughter of a rich ginteleman be the name of—maybe it's on the paper, for it's slipped me mind entirely. He wants to see ye at his office somewhere in Wall Street. I told the ginteleman who called that ye was workin', and I didn't think ye'd be able to go to Wall Street. Thin he writ somethin' on the paper and told me to give to ye whin ye came home."

Johnny was so impatient to see what was on the paper that he left the table and got it. This is what he read:

"JOHNNY GREEN—Call at your earliest convenience on Fletcher Bonsell, No. — Wall Street, between hours of 11 and 2, except on Saturday. If unable to do so send a letter and other arrangements will be made.

"JOHN JACKSON"

"I'll have to send a letter for I can't call be-

tween those hours." thought the boy, folding up the paper and putting it in his pocket. "I suppose Mr. Bonsell is the girl's father, and he wants to thank me, and offer me some kind of a reward. I don't want any pay for saving his daughter, and I won't take it."

"Is the gentleman's name on the paper?" asked his mother.

"Yes. It's Fletcher Bonsell."

"So it was, I remember now. What did the note say?"

Johnny told her.

"Ye won't be able to call, will ye?"

"No. I shall tell him so by letter."

"He must be worth a power of money to have an office in Wall Street, and own a steam yacht," said Mrs. Green.

"There's no doubt about that. He's probably a broker, or a big financier," said Johnny.

The boy then switched off the subject, and told his mother about his first day's experiences as a parcel boy.

"Ye'll wear out a lot of shoe leather, I'm thinkin'," said the widow, "and shoes cost money."

"Everything costs money, mother," said Johnny as he pushed back his chair. "Have you got a nickel to spare?"

"I have nothin' to spare, but ye can have a nickel if ye want it."

"I must buy a sheet of paper, an envelope and a two-cent stamp so that I can write to Mr. Bonsell."

"True for ye. Here's the money. Thim nickels luk as big as cart wheels to me these days."

"They ought to get smaller now I'm at work."

"Every little helps, and the four dollars you're to get will pay the rint and get us some new clothes which we both sadly nade."

Johnny wrote and sent his note to Mr. Bonsell that night, and two days afterward a letter addressed to him was delivered to his mother, who handed it to him when he got home from work.

When he opened it a note with a check enclosed fell out. The note thanked Johnny for his invaluable service in saving the writer's daughter Elsie, and begged him to accept the enclosed check to his order for \$1,000.

Johnny gave a gasp at the size of the check, which represented a fortune to him and his mother, but much as they needed money he felt that he could not accept it.

"What do you suppose Mr. Bonsell sent me?" he asked his mother.

"Tell me."

"A check for \$1,000."

"How much?" cried Mrs. Green, hardly believing her ears.

"One thousand dollars."

"One thousand dollars!" she cried. "It's jokin' ye are."

"No, mother. It's a fact."

"And where is the money?"

"There's the check."

"What, that pink slip of paper! Is that \$1,000?"

"It's worth \$1,000."

"Let me look at it."

If Mrs. Green had ever seen a check before she didn't remember. At any rate this one was a curiosity to her.

"Sure I can't make head or tail of it, except

there's the name of a bank on it wid some writin'. So that's worth \$1,000, and we're worth all that money at this blessed minute. Oh, wurra, it's rich we are. I nadn't work any more, and I can ride in one carriage if I choose. Sure your father, rest his soul! never was worth a tenth part of that. I'll take this to bank and put it away for a rainy day."

"No, mother, you'll take it back to Mr. Bonsell to-morrow and tell him that I can't accept any money for saving his daughter."

"Is it mad ye are? Take back a thousand dollars. Whin I take it back I'll be out of me sinses like yoursilf. Is it too proud ye are to take money from a gentleman who's got more of it than he knows what to do with? I'd like to know what ye mane by sindin' it back."

Johnny tried to explain his sentiments on the subject, but his mother couldn't understand his scruples. She insisted on taking it to a savings bank and putting it away for herself.

"I'm sorry, mother, but that check isn't worth anythink without my name on the back. I don't intend to endorse it, so you can't get any savings bank to take it. Better do what I asked you to," said Johnny.

Widow Green almost went to the extent of threatening her son with a lambasting to put some sense into his head, as she said, but Johnny was firm, and for the rest of the evening she bewailed what she considered the pigheadedness of her boy.

She showed the check to several of the women in the house, and when she told them that Johnny refused to accept it under any circumstances, the news flew through the block, and Johnny Green was voted a fair candidate for the mad house on Randall's Island. Much against her grain Mrs. Green went down to Wall Street next day about eleven o'clock, and after some difficulty found Fletcher Bonsell's office. The gentleman was in and she was admitted to his private room.

"Sure, sir, me son Johnny received a letter from you last evenin' wid a check worth a thousand dollars in it," she began, in some embarrassment, for she was awed by the elegant surroundings she was in, and the fine-looking man who sat at a rosewood desk, and looked to her like an inhabitant of a different planet.

"That's right," replied Mr. Bonsell. "I dare say you will find the money very acceptable."

"Acceptable, is it? Faith, we have hardly a cent in the house. It's poor people we are, and a hard time I've had raisin' Johnny, an' kapin' him at school till he graduated, since his father, rest him, died in me arms tin years ago."

"The money comes in very handy to you, then."

"It would, sir, if Johnny would kape it, but he won't."

"What's that? Your son won't take the money?" said the gentleman, in surprise.

"No, sir. He made me bring the check back to ye."

"Why won't he take it? Isn't it enough? If that's the difficulty I'll double it. In fact I'll give him any reasonable amount that will satisfy him."

"That isn't it, sir. He's got some notions in his head about not wantin' to be paid at all for savin' your daughter. I don't quite understand what he manes, but it don't seem to me like com-

mon since. Here I am slavin' mysilf over a wash-tub these b'ilin' hot days to try and kape a roof over our heads, and a bit of food in our mouths, and him only just beginnin' to work as parcel b'y in a store, for four dollars a wake, and yit whin a gintleman like yoursilf presnts him wid a check for a thousand dollars for doin' ye a great favor, he makes me bring it back to ye, as if he was rollin' in goold and had no use for it. He's a good b'y, is me Johnny, but it's square notions he's got in his upper story," said Mrs. Green, laying the check with evident reluctance on Mr. Bonsell's desk.

The financier was greatly astonished, but he saw now that it was a matter of honor and principle with the boy, and he appreciated the fact.

"Very well, madam, I'll take the check back on condition that you agree to do me a favor."

"Troth, sir, I'll do ye a favor if I can, but what can a poor woman like me do for a rich gintleman like yoursilf?"

"I'm going to give you another check, payable to the Bowery Saving Bank, for \$3,000, which you must take to the bank and deposit in your own name in trust for your son. In order to avoid any complication I will enclose a note to the president of the bank stating how you wish to make the deposit. You must take the book home and hide it in your trunk so that your son will know nothing about the transaction, which he doubtless would object to. Do you agree to do this?"

"Faith I do; but wouldn't \$1,000 be enough? We don't want ye to rob yoursilf just because me son saved your daughter."

"Three thousand is little enough, and I may say that I shall not forget to keep your son in mind, for you have placed him before me in a new light. In addition to the check I will present you with \$100 for yourself to relieve your present necessities."

"Sure it's too liberal ye are, sir," said Mrs. Green, gratefully.

"Not at all. If you should need any further financial assistance hereafter don't be afraid to call on me, and I will be glad to help you. By the way, where is your son employed?"

"Wid Duncan & Rich, on Grand street, sir."

The financier made a note of the fact, then pushed a button in his desk. His office boy responded.

"Hand that slip to the cashier and then tell Miss French to come in," said Mr. Bonsell.

The stenographer appeared in a few moments, and while the financier was dictating a brief note to the president of the Bowery Savings Bank the boy came back with a number of bills in his hand which he laid down on his employer's dask.

Shortly afterward Mrs. Green departed with an envelope in her hand containing the \$3,000 check and the note to the bank, while in her pocket reposed \$100 in small bills.

CHAPTER V.—Johnny Has a Strenuous Time.

Johnny, ignorant of the momentous interview between his mother and Fletcher Bonsell, of Wall Street, was busy delivering his bundles at the different houses in the route of his wagon. It

was his fourth day at the store and he was trying to make a record for himself. He and the driver had already become good friends, and they got on fine together.

"You're a whole lot better than the chap that was on my wagon before," he said. "He was so slow in carrying bundles upstairs that I thought his shoes were soled with lead. Work didn't seem to agree with him, and then he was always smoking cigarettes on the wagon. He must have got away with two or three packs a day."

"I have never learned to smoke," said Johnny.

"A good thing for you. At any rate never take up with cigarettes. When you get to be a man a cigar once and a while won't hurt you, but it's a bad habit at the best. It would save the life of many a boy if the cheap cigarette was put out of business. It never will be though, for there is too much money in them for the tobacco trust. Here take this bundle into No. 287," and the driver reined in.

Johnny took the bundle and ran into the entrance of the cheap flat house.

The name on the parcel was White, and when he consulted the names over the bells he saw that White lived on the fourth floor.

"Seems to me all our customers live nearer the roof than the sidewalk," he said as he rang the bell.

He ran up the stairs two at a time and found a woman on the landing waiting.

"White?" asked Johnny, interrogatively.

"Yes," replied the woman.

"Seventy-five cents, please," said Johnny, for like most bundles it was C. O. D.

"Step inside."

Johnny walked into the dining-room. The woman get her purse and handed him a dollar bill.

"Haven't any change, ma'am. I'll have to take it down to the driver."

"Don't you run off with my twenty-five cents," said the woman.

"Certainly not, ma'am," replied Johnny, starting down stairs.

There were two men standing in the next landing, and as the boy passed them, one of them threw an arm around his neck and bent his head back while the other snatched the bill out of his hand, and ran rapidly downstairs. The other rascal held Johnny, in spite of his struggles, until he was almost choked, then threw him on the floor and fled after his companion. Johnny struggled dizzily on his feet and staggered down the flight after the two crooks. They were both gone by the time he reached the front door.

"Hello, what's the matter with you, Johnny?" asked the driver, as the boy came up to the wagon looking like a wreck.

"I've been robbed of a dollar," replied Johnny, in husky tones.

"Robbed of a dollar!" cried the driver.

"Yes. The woman who took the bundle gave me a dollar bill for you to take the seventy-five cents out of. On the landing below, the third, two men were standing. As I passed one got a strangle hold on my neck while the other man took the bill out of my hand. They both got away. Did you see the two men come out of the door?"

"I saw two men come out but not together," replied the driver.

JOHNNY THE PARCEL BOY

"They were the fellows. Which direction did they go?"

"They went into the corner saloon."

"Then I'm going in after them," and he started for the corner, which was near by.

The driver drove after him. Johnny looked in through the light swinging doors and recognized the two rascals drinking at the bar. He marched up to the chap who had snatched the bill and tapping him on the arm said:

"I want that dollar you stole from me."

The rascal glared at him.

"Who are you talkin' to?" he snarled.

"You. Come up with the money or I'll have you arrested."

"What's the matter with you? I haven't got your dollar. You've got a great nerve to say I stole a dollar from you."

"Get out of here, you young monkey," said the other, giving Johnny a shove.

At that moment the driver put his head inside. He recognized the men as those he had seen coming from the house.

"Are those the men who robbed you?" he asked Johnny.

"Yes. That short fellow took the dollar while the tall one held me."

"You're a liar!" roared the short man.

"There's a cop coming down the block," said the driver. "I'll call him and you can tell him your story."

As soon as the two rascals heard there was a policeman close by they made a break for the side door, intending to escape by the other street. Johnny put after them like a shot and caught the short chap.

"Let go of me," he hissed, striking viciously at the parcel boy.

Johnny dodged the blow, tripped the fellow up and fell on top of him. The driver ran forward and took a hand in the matter. Between them they reduced the crook to subjection.

"Hand out that dollar and we'll let you go," said the driver, who had only thrown a bluff when he said a policeman was coming down the block.

"I've only got ninety cents left," replied the thief.

"Hand it out."

He did so.

"I'll take your hat for the balance. You can recover it when you call at the shipping department of Duncan & Rich, on Grand Street, with the dime," said the driver, snatching the derby and releasing him.

"I'll get square with you two," gritted the thief, with a dark look.

"I wouldn't try it if I were you," answered the driver. "You might get into trouble."

"Bah!" hissed the fellow. "I know you both and I'll fix you."

The driver and Johnny paid no further attention to him, but walked out of the saloon.

"Here's the twenty-five cents to take back to Mrs. White," said the driver.

"She'll think I've run off with it I've been so long away," replied Johnny.

"You can explain matters in a few words."

So Johnny rushed back to the White flat. When he rang the bell upstairs on the door of the apartment, Mrs. White answered it.

"Here's your change, ma'am," said the boy.

"It's taken you a long time to bring it. I thought you had made off with it and I intended to report you at the store," she said.

"It wasn't my fault I was so long. Two men stole the dollar from me on the floor below and I had a lot of trouble getting it back."

As the lady looked incredulous Johnny told her about the incident.

"You ought to have had them arrested," she said, when he finished his story.

"There wasn't a policeman around, so we were satisfied to get the money back short a dime. The driver has the fellow's hat in the wagon as security for the ten cents."

Mrs. White laughed and then Johnny hurried away. As the wagon stopped in front of another flat where a couple of bundles had to be left, Johnny saw the two crooks behind. They had followed the wagon, and the parcel boy warned the driver of their presence. When Johnny ran into the building one of the men, the short one, walked up to the wagon and engaged the driver in conversation, asking him to return his hat.

"Come up with a dime and you can have it," said the driver.

"Haven't a red cent," answered the man with a scowl.

"Then you can't have your hat. I've got to make good that ten cents, and I propose to have the worth of my money," said the driver.

"My pal has gone off to hunt up ten cents. If he gets back in time I'll give it to you for my hat," and the speaker looked around.

In the meantime Johnny had gone up to the top floor of the house with the bundles on which he had to collect \$1.25. When he got the money he put it in his pocket, and on his way downstairs kept his eyes wide open, for the fact that the crooks had followed the wagon made him suspect they were up to no good. He reached the door without meeting anyone, and just in time to find the driver in trouble. The man without a hat had grabbed him by the arm and was trying to pull him off the seat, while the tall chap had sneaked up on the other side and was climbing into the vehicle. Johnny gave a shout and, dashing out of the entrance, rushed across the walk and slugged the short crook in the ear with such force that he had to let go of the driver's arm. The tall man smashed the driver in the face, grabbed an armful of small bundles and his companion's hat, and, jumping down, rushed toward the corner.

The driver sprang after him, leaving Johnny and the hatless rascal to fight it out between themselves. Johnny was no match, physically, for the square-built chap, but that fact did not deter him from sailing in for all he was worth. A crowd of urchins began to gather around them, but though there were some men in the neighborhood, mostly idlers around the door of a cheap saloon, they did not come forward to help the parcel boy.

The crook swung a vicious blow at Johnny's head, but the boy dodged it and rushing in dealt him a tremendous punch in the stomach, which doubled him up for the moment. Johnny took advantage of his chance, as the kids uttered a shout of glee, and smashed the rascal in the side of the jaw. With a yell of anger the man suddenly pulled out a slung-shot and tried to hit the parcel boy with it. Again Johnny dodged. The

fellow followed him up so closely that the boy caught a blow in his eye that drew blood. Matters now looked so serious to the assembled kids, who believed the man intended to kill the delivery boy, that some of them ran off to find a policeman, while others shouted to the men who were now coming up. The crook, seeing that he was in for trouble unless he could get away, suddenly sprang into the wagon and lashed the horse into a run.

Johnny, however, had been as quick as he, and secured a precarious hold on the narrow iron step, while he held on with one hand and tried to get into the vehicle. The crook divided his attention between him and the horse, endeavoring to force him back into the street. Another wagon was coming along the cross street at a rapid gait, and was turning the corner away from the dry goods delivery wagon when the two teams collided. Johnny saved himself by throwing himself against the crook and the two tumbled across the seat as the wagon went over on its side. The boy was on top, but though nearly stunned and bleeding from another bad cut he caught from a small projecting piece of iron in one of the braces of the cover he held on to the crook with the utmost desperation.

CHAPTER VI.—Johnny Meets Miss Rooney.

Another and a bigger crowd gathered at the corner, and there was considerable excitement.

The driver of the express wagon had been thrown to the sidewalk, and lay there until picked up. The crook fought savagely to release himself, but Johnny clung to him. A man who climbed into the front of the upset delivery vehicle was astonished to see what was going on.

"Hey, what's the matter with you chaps?" he asked.

He got no answer, so he reached for Johnny's arm and started to haul him off the rascal.

"Let go of me," cried the boy. "Lay hold of this fellow. He's a crook."

"He's a liar. I'm the driver. He's tryin' to rob me. Pull him off," exclaimed the scoundrel.

"Don't you believe him," protested Jim. "He was running off with our wagon, and I want him arrested."

The crowd closed in around the wagon in a thick mass, unable to understand the meaning of the scrap. Two more men climbed in and pulled the boy clear of the crook.

"Don't let that fellow get away," cried Johnny, with a good deal of energy. "I tell you he's a thief."

The man without a hat got on his feet and, forcing his way out of the down side of the vehicle, endeavored to lose himself in the mob.

"Hold on to that boy till I get a cop," he said. "Let me out, will you," he added, pushing people aside.

Johnny was wild when he saw the man had a fair show of giving him the slip.

"Don't let him get away, I tell you," he shouted, trying to break away from the man who had hold of him.

"Here comes a policeman," somebody said. As soon as the crook heard that he pushed the

crowd right and left, got out and dashed off down the street.

"It's a great shame," said the disappointed boy, when he saw the fellow running away. "Officer, why don't you chase that man? He's a crook and is the cause of this accident."

The policeman wanted to understand the situation first, and by the time he did the rascal had disappeared around the next corner.

The crowd now woke up to the fact that they had let a scoundrel get away who they might have detained, but nobody blamed himself for it.

The delivery wagon was righted, and showed no material injury. None of the bundles had fallen out, though they were all in confusion, and would have to be sorted before the trip was resumed. Johnny told the policeman his story. All he knew about the driver was that he had disappeared in chase of the companion of the crook who had got away with several of the packages. By the time things were getting straightened up the driver appeared with a portion of the stolen bundles.

These had been thrown at him by the tall rascal, who had slipped off finally through the side door of a saloon, with a couple of the bundles.

The policeman took down all the particulars in his note-book and then dispersed the crowd.

Johnny and the driver got into the wagon and busied themselves getting order out of chaos.

"I had the rascal dead to rights, but the crowd let him get away," said the boy, who was feeling sore over the circumstance.

He had bound up his cuts with a handkerchief, and would not take the time to go to a drugstore as the officer advised him to do.

"The trouble with the crowd was none of them wanted to butt in," answered the driver.

"This business has put us in a nice hole," said Johnny. "We've lost more than an hour now, and it will take us some time to get these bundles straightened out."

"Can't be helped. It isn't our fault. The chap I chased got away with two or three packages. We can't tell who they belong to till we get most of the stuff delivered. The boss of the department store will kick, but that's all the good it will do him. The store will have to make good."

Twenty minutes elapsed before they got on their way again, and when they got back to the store and made their report it was too late to go out again that day. The superintendent sent for them as soon as the matter was reported to him. They told their stories, and Johnny's cuts were eloquent evidence of the truth. The superintendent communicated with the police, furnishing the descriptions of the two crooks, but nothing came of it.

When he got home that night Mrs. Green was startled on beholding his bandaged head.

"For Hiven's sake, what have ye been doin' to yoursilf, Johnny?" she exclaimed.

"Nothing, mother; I only ran against a bit of trouble," he replied.

"Was it a scrap ye were in wid some of the other b'y's in the store?"

"Oh, no. I got this through a crook."

"A crook! What do ye mane?"

Then Johnny explained, and his mother understood the cause of his wounds.

"It's a brave b'y ye are. upon me word. And

I suppose ye'll be in the paper ag'in as ye were for savin' that gentleman's daughter. Glory be! I'm thinkin' it's cilebrated the name of Green will be before long if ye kape on. The neighbors haven't got over talkin' about how ye saved that girl yit. Faith, them grafters who are always gettin' themselves in the limelight won't have nothin' on ye."

"Is supper ready, mother?"

"Sure it is and waitin'. Sit up and ate it."

There was an item in the papers next morning, in which Johnny's unavailable endeavor to capture his man was described. During the day Mr. Duncan sent for Johnny and heard his story. He complimented him on his plucky resistance, and also for saving the wagon from being run off with by the crook, which would have meant the loss of everything it contained.

"You're a new boy, and I am glad to see you have begun so well," said the gentleman. "We always appreciate evidence of zeal on the part of our employees, and reward it in a suitable manner. I think the part you played in this affair is entitled to some special consideration. Therefore the firm, in addition to its thanks, will present you with \$100 on pay day. You will find the money in your wage envelope. That is all."

"Thank you, sir," said Johnny, bowing himself out of the senior partner's private office.

Johnny's exploit proved an excellent introduction to the rest of the lads in the shipping department, who had looked at him askance because he was a new boy. They were all glad to know him now, and declared him to be as plucky as they come. The girls in the store soon heard about Johnny's experience with the crooks, and they were all curious to catch a sight of him.

Bravery always appeals to the fairer sex, and when it became talked of around among them that the boy was a fine-looking manly chap, and moreover had lately rescued the young daughter of a rich Wall Street man from drowning in the East River, they were crazy to make his acquaintance.

There was a lot of wire pulling among the girls who knew one or more of the other boys in the shipping room, each wanting to be the first to get an introduction to Johnny, but many days passed before one Annie Rooney secured the coveted honor.

Annie was considered the prettiest girl in the store, and had a host of admirers.

She was a year younger than Johnny, and was a saleslady in the lace department.

Johnny's wagon happened to return to the stable, not far from the store, at a quarter past six one afternoon.

The girls had only just swarmed out of the employees' entrance and Annie was being escorted home by one of the boys of the shipping room.

As they passed the stable Johnny came out on his way home.

"There he is now, Annie," said her escort. "I'll introduce you."

"Oh, do," she exclaimed with sparkling eyes.

"Hey, Johnny—Johnny Green, I want to see you," cried the boy, whose name was Flint.

Johnny stopped and his eyes rested principally on the pretty face of Miss Rooney, who glanced at him in a demure way that was quite captivating.

"Miss Annie Rooney, this is Johnny Green," said Flint.

Annie bowed and flashed a "goo-goo" look at the redoubtable Johnny, who said, with just a touch of embarrassment, that he was glad to know her.

"I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Green," remarked Annie, who was not at all backward in expressing her sentiments.

Johnny blushed under the admiring inspection, and then wanted to know what she had heard about him.

"I've heard that you are a real hero," she replied.

"I didn't know I was," answered Johnny.

"Why, didn't you save a young lady from drowning the other day before you came to work at the store?" she said.

"I saved a girl of about fourteen years."

"A rich man's daughter, too."

"Yes. Her father has an office in Wall Street."

"I suppose he'll reward you liberally for it."

"I don't accept pay for such a service, Miss Rooney."

"No?" ejaculated the store girl in surprise. "Why, a rich man wouldn't miss a few thousand dollars."

"Maybe not," replied the boy in a tone that showed he didn't care to discuss the matter.

"I've also heard that you saved your wagon from being robbed by a thief," switched off the fair Annie.

"I won't deny it."

"Why should you? You're a brave boy, and I feel quite proud of making your acquaintance," said the girl, favoring him with another of her irresistible sidelong glances.

Johnny blushed again, and remarked that he was glad to become acquainted with such a pretty girl as Miss Rooney.

That made Annie blush a little, but she was used to compliments.

"You're not at all slow, are you?" she said, coquettishly.

"I hope not," he returned, quite frankly.

"Well, we part here. I hope to meet you again soon. I live at No.— Orchard Street. I should be pleased to have you call on me some evening. May I expect that you will?"

"I usually get home too late to do any calling," he replied.

"You could come Sunday, couldn't you? I have quite a crowd Sunday evenings, but there is always room for one more. Do come next Sunday."

"Hold on, Annie," interjected Flint. "You've got a date with me next Sunday. I'm going to take you to Coney Island."

"So I have. Couldn't you come with us, Mr. Green? I'll introduce you to a very nice young lady who will be delighted to have you for an escort."

"I don't know whether I could come or not. I'll let Flint know to-morrow."

"Do. You really must come. Goodby."

She smiled and swept away with her companion.

"Gee! She's pretty all right, and I never saw such eyes," muttered Johnny; "but—"

Then he hurried off home.

CHAPTER VII.—Johnny Gets an Invitation to Go Out of Town.

When Johnny got his pay envelope next day he found a \$100 bill in it in addition to a full week's wages.

"Mother will be tickled to death over it," he said, quite unconscious that his mother already had a hundred dollars in bills stowed away in her trunk with the bank book containing a credit of \$3,000.

Mrs. Green had the time of her life trying to keep secret the possession of the money and the bank book.

She wanted to tell Johnny how smart she had been to get \$3,000 for him in place of the \$1,000 check, and \$100 in money besides.

Several times she had nearly "let the cat out of the bag," but caught herself in time.

She had never kept a secret before, and it was like pulling teeth to do it now.

"Mother," said Johnny when he got home, "I'm rich."

"How did ye know that?"

"How did I know it? Because I've got the money in my pocket."

"What money are ye talkin' about? Is it your week's pay ye mane?"

"I've got that, too. The firm presented me with \$100 for saving the wagon from being cleaned out."

"Presinted ye wid \$100! Ye don't mane it."

"There's my envelope. See what's in it."

Widow Green proceeded to do so, and to her astonishment there was \$100 in it.

"Faith, it was no lie ye were tellin' me I see," said his mother. "If ye'd bring that much home every Saturday we could live in a swell neighborhood, so we could."

"Would you like to move to a swell neighborhood?"

"And lave all me friends? I would not."

"But I'd like to live in a better place than this."

"We could move around the corner. There's four nice rooms on the ground floor for half as much ag'in as we're payin' here, and I could put on some style, and hold me head up as high as any woman in the neighborhood, even if I do take in a bit of washin'."

"I'm afraid we couldn't do that on \$100."

"Well, it's more than \$100 I've got, if ye want to know."

"More than a hundred! Not much more."

"That's all ye know about it, me laddybuck." Johnny looked at his mother hard.

She didn't speak as if she was joking.

"How much money have you got, mother?" he asked.

"That's for me to know and ye to find out."

"I don't see how you can have much more than what I just brought you. You didn't have over a couple of dollars Monday. Where did you get it?"

"Get what?" said Mrs. Green, suddenly remembering that she was saying more than she had intended.

"The money you are talking about."

"The money, is it? Faith, it was jokin' I was. Where would I be after gettin' any money, except

what I earn at the tub and what you earn at the store?"

"That's what I thought. By the way I was introduced to a very pretty girl yesterday afternoon."

"Is that a fact?" replied his mother, much relieved that her son did not follow up the subject of the money.

"Yes. She's a peach. Her name is Annie Rooney."

"That's a good Irish name. So she's a peach? Has she a sister?"

"I don't know. Why do you ask?"

"Bekase then there'd be a pair in the family," chuckled Mrs. Green.

"Holy smoke, mother! Have you been reading a joke book?"

"Faith I haven't. Ye mustn't think ye're the only witty one in the house, ye gossoon. Well, your supper is ready, so sit up to it."

Johnny didn't go to Coney Island next day, but laid off in the house.

He wanted to get a rest so as to be in good shape for climbing stairs next week.

On Tuesday he received another note from Fletcher Bonsell.

The gentleman stated that his wife and daughter were very anxious to see him.

They were at their summer cottage on Long Island, and the writer wished to know if it was possible for him to get off on the following Saturday early so that he could come and stay over till Monday morning.

"You could take the one o'clock train over the main line of the Long Island railroad, and get off at Springdale station, where my auto will meet you. Let me know right away if you can come and I will send you tickets by messenger."

Johnny read the letter to his mother, and said he wished he could accept the invitation, but he didn't see how he could get off.

"It's no harrum to ask the boss. You must be pretty solid wid him when he presints ye wid \$100." she replied.

"He might think I had a great nerve when this is only my second week at the store."

His mother told him to do as he thought best.

Next morning he spoke to the driver about it.

That individual didn't think he stood any chance of getting off even half a day on Saturday.

"The superintendent would be apt to have a fit if you asked him." he said.

"I wouldn't ask him. I'd see Mr. Duncan," replied Johnny.

"He has nothing to do with the employees. The super is the man."

Johnny said nothing more about it, but he thought a good deal on the subject during the first trip with the wagon.

Finally he determined to interview Mr. Duncan anyhow.

When they got back about noon he went upstairs and sent his name into the senior partner.

He was admitted.

"Well, what can I do for you, Green?"

Johnny showed him the letter he had received from Fletcher Bonsell, and explained the reason why he was invited to visit that gentleman's family.

"So you would like to go, eh?" smiled Duncan. "Yes, sir; if it's not asking too much."

"You can go," said the senior partner, scribbling a very few words on a pad. "Hand that to the superintendent."

Johnny thanked him and left the office.

He presented himself before the superintendent and handed him the note.

That gentleman read it and said all right.

"I got permission to go off at noon on Saturday," said Johnny to the driver when they started out on their next trip.

"The dickens you did. You're lucky. I wish I could get off some Saturday afternoon, too."

"Well, you see the letter from Mr. Bonsell did it. I showed it to Mr. Duncan and he saw that the gentleman wished me to come to his summer cottage on Saturday afternoon if I could get off, and as the boss knows I saved the life of Mr. Bonsell's daughter he regarded my request as a special one and granted it, feeling that he was also obliging the Wall Street gentleman, too."

"I wish I was in your shoes. I suppose Mr. Bonsell intends to reward you liberally for rescuing his daughter. It is quite natural that he should, and as he's rich he wouldn't miss \$1,000 or so. You must have been born lucky, Johnny."

Johnny made no reply. He felt that if he told the driver he had already sent back the \$1,000 check the financier sent him that the man would want to know what he did it for, and probably would consider his scruples foolish. His mother had made a fuss because he did it, and the neighbors seemed to think he had made a fool of himself. Most persons did not look at the matter in the light he did, and therefore he wasn't saying anything more about it. He told his mother when he reached home that he was going to visit Mr. Bonsell on Saturday.

"So ye got off, thin?"

"Yes, mother. I had no trouble at all about it."

"It's a fortunate b'y ye are. I hope ye'll know how to behave yourself in the prisince of sich swell people as ye are goin' to visit."

"Don't you worry, mother. I will watch out that I don't make any bad break. I know I'm not used to stylish people, but I'll keep my eyes open, and do as I see others do. They won't expect too much of me, for they know I live in a tenement."

"It's very nice of him to invite ye; but thin, I suppose, it's because they feel grateful for what ye did for the daughter of the house."

"I suppose so, mother."

Next day Mrs. Green lost no time in spreading the news that her Johnny had been invited to visit the summer home of the rich Wall Street man, and stay from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning. She was as proud as a peacock over it, and she had every mother in the block green with envy. Michael Feeney's mother heard the news through one of her friends, as she was not on speaking terms with Mrs. Green, and it made her mad.

"Some people make a lot out of nothin'," she remarked acrimoniously. "They can't be sich stylish people, even if they are rich, to invite a tenement house boy to visit them. I dare say they're what the papers call newly rich. The

airs that Mrs. Green puts on makes me sick, and she only a common washwoman," added Mrs. Feeney, turning up her nose contemptuously. "I wouldn't lower myself by associatin' with her. My son Michael shows his good sense by havin' nothin' to do with her son Johnny. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

All of which was very complimentary to Johnny and his mother, and was duly repeated to Mrs. Green later on.

"So it's airs I put on, and I'm only a common wash woman, am I," she said to her informant. "Well, it's an honest livin' I'm makin' at any rate, and I'm not ashamed of me vocation. Maybe Mrs. Feeney wouldn't do as well if she was lift a widder, as might happen at any toime. Sure I wouldnt have her disposition for a gold mine. She wouldn't lower hersilf by associatin' wid me, eh?" and Mrs. Green laughed scornfully. "Faith, I wouldn't s'ile me old clothes in her filthy flat, and ye may till her I said it, Mrs. Hoolihan. It's glad I am that me Johnny has nothin' to do wid that young blackguard of hers. It's in jail he'll be wan of these days or I'm not a good guesser. Ye can tell her that she naden't luk any further than her own rooms to find the sow's ear she mentioned. It's as plain as the nose bechune your two eyes, Mrs. Hoolihan, and there ain't wan in the block but knows it."

When Johnny got home that night he found Mrs. Feeney standing outside his door in a boiling rage venting her sentiments upon his mother in no uncertain terms, while inside Mrs. Green was singing at the top of her voice, as if she was in an excellent humor. Mrs. Feeney looked at the good-looking parcel boy when she saw him coming.

"What a lot of style we put on these days," she said, contemptuously, not addressing Johnny directly, for he never noticed her. "It's a fine thing to be the gentleman of the house. I suppose me, and my husband, and Michael ought to kowtow to his lordship, and feel the honor of livin' on the same floor with such a fine young gentleman."

Johnny paid no attention to the angry woman, but went directly to his own door and turned the knob. He found it locked.

"It's me, mother," he said. "Let me in."

Mrs. Green opened the door on hearing his voice. The Feeney woman opened on her again, but Mrs. Green ignored her presence and slammed the door after admitting her son.

"What's the matter with Mrs. Feeney, mother?" asked Johnny. "She seems to be mad about something."

"Faith, ye'd better ask her," replied his mother, shutting her lips tight and refusing to say anything further on the subject.

CHAPTER VIII.—Johnny Makes a Real Hero of Himself.

That evening Johnny borrowed some money from his mother and went out and got himself a nice new suit of blue cloth. He also purchased a straw hat, a dandy four-in-hand tie, new collars, a couple of new shirts, and various other articles that he needed. He bought a suit case

and put them all in it. On his way back it struck him that he ought to have a comb and brush, and a tooth brush, and he got them. Johnny and his new suit case attracted immediate attention when he struck the block in which he lived. He was surrounded by a crowd of his friends, many of whom had heard he was going into the country on Saturday to spend a couple of days at a swell country house.

"What you got in the suit case," asked Billy Davis, who was one of the first to spy him coming down the street. "A lot of new duds? You're comin' out since you struck a job."

"He's goin' to visit the gent whose gal he saved," said another youth.

"Is that so, Johnny?" asked Billy, who had not heard the news.

"Yes, Billy. The gentleman invited me down Saturday to his country house, and I'm to stay till Monday morning. I probably won't go again, so there's no use of you fellows making such a fuss abut a little thing like that," said Johnny.

"Little t'ing! Hully gee! Calls dat invite a little t'ing," said Jimmy McFadden. "Who'd t'ink a real gent ud invite one of us tenement fellers to pay him a visit. Wish I could jump overboard and save some gal dat had a bloated 'ristocrat fur a father. Wouldn't I be right in it? I guess yes."

Johnny had to answer a flood of questions before he could cut loose from his friends and enter the house. When he got up to the top floor he heard a free fight going on in the Feeney rooms. Feeney was drunk as usual and was trying to beat his wife. She objected to this continuous performance and was using the handle of a broom in self-defense. Michael Feeney was present, but being a rank coward he maintained a neutral attitude instead of helping his mother, as he should have done. The racket was pretty strenuous, but as it was no new thing Johnny paid no attention and entered his apartment, where he found his mother with her hat on, for she had just come in from a neighborly visit. The boy was about to tell his mother about his purchases when there came a tremendous crash from the Feeney apartments.

"Be hivens, they're killin' wan another in there," cried Mrs. Green. "I've stood that sort of thing as long as I can. I'll luk for another apartment to-morrow, so I will, if I live."

"Help! Fire! Fire!" came the terrified tones of Michael Feeney.

A door banged open and there was a rush of feet on the landing.

"Leave go of me, you imp!" roared the voice of Mr. Feeney.

Another crash, and amid a chorus of howls two persons apparently went tumbling down the flight.

Others doors were opened and considerable excitement ensued outside.

"For goodness sake, see what's the matter, Johnny?" cried Mrs. Green. "It's afeard I am the house is afire."

As Johnny opened the door and looked out his mother disappeared into her room and opened her trunk in great trepidation to get hold of her money and the savings bank book.

The door of the Feeney rooms was partly open and through it Johnny saw a rapidly increasing

blaze, while considerable smoke was filling the air, both in and outside.

The fire looked so serious that Johnny yelled to his mother in some excitement that the house was on fire and they must get out in short order.

The other tenants on the floor were also alive to the danger of the situation, and were hastily evacuating their rooms with the first thing they could grab in their hands. Mrs. Green, greatly excited, came running out of her room with the money and bankbook rolled up in a piece of newspaper.

"Oh, thim Feeneys, thim Feeneys they'll be the death of us all," she cried. "What little we have'll be burned up, and it's no insurance we have at all, at all."

Johnny hurried his mother down stairs, and they were preceded by all the other tenants in the house.

Somebody had already sent in an alarm from the corner, and the uproar in the street was something tremendous.

There was no smoke or flames as yet visible from outside.

Every window in the neighborhood held an occupant or two, and many of them did not know yet what was the matter.

The doorsteps of the imperiled house was crowded with tenants, talking and gesticulating in a highly excited way. Only the people from the top floor had seen the fire, but their evidence was regarded as conclusive.

As Johnny pushed a way for his mother through the mob he heard Michael Feeney crying out that his mother was upstairs.

This news created additional excitement and consternation.

"Is that a fact, Feeney," cried Johnny, grabbing him by the arm.

"Yes," half blubbered the tough boy.

"Then why don't you and your father go back and get her? Why did you leave her anyway, you coward?" ejaculated Johnny, indignantly.

"My old man is drunk. He fell down stairs and nearly broke his head. I wouldn't dare go back," said Feeney.

"Are you going to let your mother be burned to death?"

"I can't do nothin' for her."

"Come along, I'll go with you," said Johnny. "Here, Billy, hold my suit case," and he pitched it to his friend.

Then he grabbed Feeney and tried to drag him toward the door, but Feeney resisted and struck him in the face.

"I'll save her myself," said Johnny. "Who'll come with me?" he appealed to the crowd. "Mrs. Feeney is in the burning rooms on the top floor. Somebody give me a hand."

Several followed him up to the third floor, and then seeing the glare of the blaze above, gave it up and yelled to him to come back.

Johnny, however, pushed ahead, paying no attention to their calls.

When he struck the last flight the peril of his task became evident to him.

The top landing was blazing as well as the Feeney rooms.

He hesitated, but the thought of a human life at stake spurred him on.

Up he went right into the danger zone and

kicked open the door where the fire was spreading with great rapidity.

A rapid glance around showed him the form of Mrs. Feeney stretched senseless on the floor near an overturned table and the wreck of an oil lamp, the overturning of which, from a blow of her broom aimed at her husband, had caused the conflagration.

Her coarse dress was on fire in several places, and but for Johnny's arrival her fate would have been certain.

He dashed into the blazing room, beat out the flames on her dress, seized and dragged her out into the landing, and started to drag her downstairs.

Then to his dismay he saw that a draught had carried a sheet of fire across the stairs and cut off his retreat.

"Oh, what'll I do?" he gasped, as the fire swooped at him and roared behind him like a hot furnace. "I'm a goner."

Then he recollects that there was a fire escape in front. To reach this he had to go through the apartments at the other end of the Feeney rooms, and they were already blazing with a ruddy glare. There was a chance, however, of his reaching the fire escape, and he began dragging the unconscious woman with him in that direction. He was almost overcome by the smoke and the intense heat, but he persevered like the plucky boy he was. He was fighting for his own life now, but he never thought of abandoning the woman he had come there to save. The fact that she was at enmity with his mother made no difference to him.

She and her son had continually annoyed and insulted his mother for weeks, vilifying the poor washerwoman to the neighbors, and only two hours or so before she had stood outside the door of the Green rooms and abused Mrs. Green at the top of her voice, calling her every name she could think of. Johnny forgot all that in his chivalrous effort to rescue Mrs. Feeney. He dragged her into the burning front rooms and up to the window opening on the fire escape. The window was wide open and through it came the clang of the bells on the approaching fire engines and hose carts, as well as the shouts and the hum from the excited people below, and in the neighboring tenement houses. The smoke was pouring out of the top floor windows, though the flames were as yet confined inside. Every eye was focussed on the windows, in expectation of seeing the fire burst out at any moment. At that thrilling moment Johnny stepped out on the top escape and began dragging out Mrs. Feeney after him. A great shout went up from the crowd when he was seen in such a perilous position. Only those who knew he had gone after the woman recognized him. Fortunately for his mother's peace of mind she never suspected he had returned to the top floor, and there was no one around her wise enough to undeceive her.

"Lord save the b'y!" she exclaimed, from the corner of the street. "Who is he at all at all? He'll be burnt to death. Why don't the firemen run up and save him?"

Billy Davis, with Johnny's suit case in his hand, stood in a doorway a short distance away on the other side. He was aghast at his friend's danger.

"What a chump he was to go back after that Feeney woman!" he said to another boy. "His name is mud if he doesn't get down mighty quick."

Johnny found trouble and delay in hauling Mrs. Feeney through the window, but he got her out just as a burst of flame followed and ignited her dress. He had to stop and beat the fire out before he could drag her to the opening. His face was black with smoke and he was gasping for breath even though outside in the air. The flames now roared after him, as if angry at his chance of escape. His jacket caught fire as he worked to shove Mrs. Feeney's feet down through the hole. When her body swung clear all her weight rested on one arm for he had to use the other to hold on with as he started to get through the hole himself on to the almost perpendicular iron ladder leading to the escape below. The crowd watched him with breathless interest. A hook-and-ladder truck swung into the street and came to a stop at the corner. Immediately two men with a short ladder to reach the lower escape rushed to the blazing building. Slowly and with the greatest difficulty Johnny made his way down the iron ladder with Mrs. Feeney hanging on his arm. The fire was now above him and his chance of escape was good, for the firemen were sure to clamber up to him in a few minutes and relieve him of his burden. He never remembered how he got down that ladder. He did not hear the shouts of encouragement from below and around. All his energies were centered in a desperate endeavor not to fall. At last he reached the lower escape just as two firemen appeared up the hole. Then he staggered and fell across the rail. One fireman seized Mrs. Feeney and the other grabbed the now unconscious Johnny. Both were swiftly carried down to the sidewalk, and then borne to the nearest drugstore, while the firemen started in to subdue the fire.

CHAPTER IX.—Johnny Visits the Bonsells.

Johnny was soon brought to his senses. He had suffered no material injury, but he looked like a wreck. His face and hands were blistered some, but not to any serious extent. Mrs. Feeney's condition was much worse, and an ambulance was telephoned for to carry her to a hospital. The druggist bound one of Johnny's hands up, put a soothing lotion on his face, and then the boy declared he felt all right. He hurried out of the drugstore to find his mother first and afterward Billy Davis, for he was anxious to reclaim his suit case. It was no easy thing to find either in the big crowd in the neighborhood of the fire which the Department had got under control by that time. Finally he ran against Billy and the suit case.

"Hello, Billy; I'll take my suit case."

"Gee! You here!"

"Why not?"

"I thought they carried you to the hospital."

"What do I want to go to a hospital for? I'm all right."

"You look kind of bunged up. You were lucky to get out of that buildin' alive. I don't see how you ever got that Feeney woman out. You're a peach, you are. You ought to get a gold medal."

The crowd hearing the conversation recognized Johnny as the hero of the hour, and many began to congratulate him on his escape, and tell him what a brave boy he was. They crowded around him, until he felt his position quite embarrassing. Then he was taken in hand by a reporter for a big daily, and had to tell all about his experience in the burning house. His story, written up in graphic style, duly appeared next morning, and was read by a million or more people in Greater New York, and among these were his bosses, Duncan & Rich, and about every employee in the store.

Mr. Fletcher Bonsell also read it on the train to the city, and his wife and son and daughter read it later in the day. Johnny finally got rid of the reporter, extricated himself from the crowd of admirers, and in company with Billy, started again to find his mother. He did not locate her until the fire was nearly out. Long before that she had learned that the boy she had seen on the top fire escape of the blazing building was her son, and she herself had been making frantic efforts to learn where he was. Their meeting was a hysterical one on her part.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny, why did ye iver go back up there? I heard it was to save that Feeney woman. How could ye risk your life for a person who harangued your poor mother as if she were a pickpocket?"

"Never mind, mother. I didn't do it any more for her than I would for anybody else. Her drunken husband and cowardly son left her to perish, and I felt it was up to somebody to save her. I did my part, and now that it's over you needn't worry about what I did, for I'm all right."

"The saints be thanked that ye are. It's out of me siven senses I've been since I was told you were the b'y I seen up on the fire escape. Ah, Johnny, ye don't know what a trial it is to be a mother."

"Brace up now, and come along."

"Where will we go around to Billy's place. I guess his mother will take you in for the night."

"Sure she will," said Billy. "And you kin sleep with me."

So to Billy's flat, three blocks away, they went, and received a hospitable welcome, for the poor, as a rule, are kind to the poor, though the Davis family was not near as poor as many of their neighbors. When Johnny appeared at the store next morning everybody knew about his exploit at the fire, and all the employees of the shipping department had something to say to him about it. He was more of a hero with the girls than ever, and Annie Rooney was much envied because she enjoyed the honor of knowing him. He was only a mere boy, it is true, but he had already distinguished himself more in two weeks than most men do during all their lives. It's the shining mark that takes every time, and Johnny shone like a big electric light.

The newspaper clipping men of the different dailies were a unit in deciding that he was entitled to an envelope in the journalistic "graveyard," for a chap of his pluck was likely to be heard from again. When he came back from his morning trip with the wagon the head of his department told him that Mr. Duncan wanted to see him in his office. He went upstairs and sent

his name in to the senior partner and was admitted. Mr. Duncan complimented him on his plucky rescue of Mrs. Feeney, and said that he seemed to be a most unusual boy.

"Mr. Rich and I have decided that it will be to our interest to keep tab on you with the view of advancing you as fast as you deserve it, and circumstances will permit. You've only been with us a couple of weeks, but you have already distinguished yourself as a valuable employee, even in the humble position you are now filling. We have made it a rule never to overlook merit, and we never care to lose an employee who makes good. If you fulfill the expectations we have formed of you, there is no reason why, in time, you may not rise to a responsible position in our house. That is all."

Johnny returned to his work feeling that he was pretty solid with the firm, and he determined to merit the good opinion the partners had formed about him. After his day's work was done he returned to the Davis apartments, and was told that his mother had taken three rooms next door, and that the furniture she had bought had just been delivered. So he went next door and found his mother installed on the third floor back.

"These are much better than our last ones," he said, with some satisfaction. "How much rent do you have to pay?"

"Twelve dollars," replied his mother.

"I guess we can stand that. You bought the furniture on the instalment plan, of course?"

"Maybe I did and maybe I didn't," she said with a mysterious smile.

"If you paid cash, that, with the rent, must have eaten up all that was left of the \$100 I got from my firm."

"Niver mind, Johnny; there's more where that came from."

"Look here, mother, you've been dropping remarks lately about having money. What does it mean? You told me you took that \$1,000 check back to Mr. Bonsell, and your word is as any man's bond with me, so where would you get any money? Did Mr. Bonsell make you a present of any cash?"

"I didn't mane to tell ye, but he did give me \$100 to hilp me out whin I told him we hardly had a cint in the house."

"Oh, I see. Well, I have nothing to do with what he gave you; but he couldn't pay me anything."

"So I told him, and he seemed to understand your manin'. At any rate he took the check back and thin he gave me another——"

"Another what?" asked Johnny as his mother stopped suddenly.

"He gave me the \$100," said Mrs. Green, with a guilty look. "Now sit up to your supper—it's all ready for ye."

After the meal Johnny found Billy Davis downstairs waiting for him.

"I saw Michael Feeney to-day down at the wharf. I asked him if he was goin' to call on you and thank you for savin' his mother's life. What do you s'pose he said?"

"I don't know."

"He said 'Naw; what do you take me for? He said he was sorry you wasn't burned up. You wasn't any good. He also said he was goin' to get square with your mother for callin' him a

blackguard, and sayin' he would get in jail some day."

"He's a nice chap, I don't think. Nobody but a cowardly cur would have his mother to perish in a fire when he might have got her down stairs before the fire spread. If I hear him annoying my mother there'll be something doing he won't like," said Johnny, wagging his head aggressively.

"That's right. If you can't lick him alone I'll help you do it."

"I don't want any help. I can fight my own battles."

The two boys then walked off down to pier No. —. Saturday came and Johnny took his suit case to the store. He and the driver hustled on their first trip so they could get back to the store by noon. Johnny then went into the cellar and put on his new suit, and other fixings, including his straw hat, and when he reappeared the rest of the boys hardly knew him, he was so changed for the better. He then started for the Long Island Railroad depot in Brooklyn. He had time to snatch a hasty lunch before the train pulled out. In the course of an hour he got off at Springdale and looked for Mr. Bonsell's auto. There were several autos waiting for passengers, but inquiry soon put him in touch with the right machine. He got into it, with a small handbag he had brought along, and was soon landed at the financier's cottage. That gentleman was on the lookout for him, but never having met Johnny, and not expecting so well-dressed and gentlemanly appearing a visitor, he thought a mistake had been made by his chauffeur.

"You're not Johnny Green?" he said, interrogatively, as he stepped out to meet the auto.

"Yes, sir. Are you Mr. Fletcher Bonsell?" replied Johnny.

"That's my name. I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Johnny," the financier said, pleased to find that the boy was so much superior to the idea he had formed of him after seeing Mrs. Green. "Come up on the veranda."

None of the family was in evidence yet. It had been arranged that they were not to appear until a little while after their visitor's arrival. Elsie Bonsell hardly knew how she could interest herself in a tenement house boy, whom she expected would be uncouth in his speech and manners, even though she was indebted to him for her life; while her brother Dick was sure it would be a great bore to have to entertain him. Mrs. Bonsell had endeavored to instruct them how to act toward their visitor, telling them that they must not notice any mistakes he would be apt to make. Fifteen minutes elapsed before Elsie was sent out to undergo the ordeal of an introduction, and during that time her father had found out that Johnny was well educated as far as the public school went, and that there was nothing in his talk or manners that betrayed his intimacy with the tenement district. Indeed, the financier was so surprised that he found himself wondering if this boy really could be the son of the woman who had returned the \$1,000 check to him.

"Elsie," said her father, "this is Johnny Green, the boy who saved your life."

The girl looked her surprise, but her presence of mind was equal to the occasion.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Green," she

said, with a gracious smile, "and thus have the opportunity of expressing to you the gratitude I feel toward you for the service you rendered me."

Johnny had not expected such elegant talk from a young miss of fourteen, and that, coupled with her beauty and charming manner, quite took his breath away, and for the moment he felt too embarrassed to make the reply he felt was expected of him.

"Thank you, miss; I only did the right thing," he blurted out in some confusion.

"It was very brave of you to risk your life for me," she said.

"I didn't risk my life, miss. I can swim like a duck."

"Well, you saved my life at any rate, and I am very, very grateful to you," she replied, much pleased to find that their visitor did not look at all like a boy of the tenements.

"That's all right, miss. It was lucky for you I was on hand, for nobody else could have reached you in time. I had to dive to get you as it was."

Elsie seated herself beside Johnny and began a lively chat with him, during which she spoke about reading in the papers of his gallant rescue of the Feeney woman.

"That shows how brave you are," she said, favoring him with an admiring look.

"I couldn't stand by and see her lose her life without making an effort to save her," said the boy. "I didn't expect that the danger was quite so great."

"Why didn't some of the men of the house help you?"

"Two or three of them did start up with me, but when I reached the top floor I found myself alone, and had to do the best I could."

"Tell us all about it. I dare say the newspapers did not give all the facts as you know them," said Mr. Bonsel.

Johnny told his story in a modest but earnest way, and his description of the peril he had encountered for a woman, whom he admitted was not on good terms with his mother and himself, was more thrilling than the newspaper account, and Elsie held her breath as she listened to him, while the financier mentally determined that his young visitor was one boy in a thousand, and Johnny rose vastly in his estimation. Dick Bonsell came out while the story was in progress and listened, too. Then he was introduced to Johnny.

CHAPTER X.—JOHNNY AND ELSIE GET INTO TROUBLE.

On the whole Johnny created a very favorable impression on the Bonsell family. He conducted himself with credit to himself, and made few blunders. These were excusable, as a matter of fact nobody noticed them. Dick Bonsell took him around the village and down to the Sound shore, where they had a swim, during which Johnny showed his proficiency, as an aquatic expert. Dick introduced him to a number of his friends they found there, without mentioning the fact that he had saved his sister's life, for all the Bonsells, friends knew that Elsie had been saved by a tenement boy, and Dick did not care to have their visitor slighted or criticized in any way if

he could help it. While it was quite evident that Johnny wasn't of the same brand as themselves, the other boys did not suspect his real origin, and supposed he might be connected with the financier's office.

Johnny's trial came when he went in to dinner, and found a table covered with all the up-to-date fixings to which well-to-do people are accustomed. There was nothing special about the meal on Johnny's account, and the Bonsells never put on frills except at their formal dinners. Nevertheless Johnny felt ill at ease, like a fish out of water. He wasn't accustomed to have a servant ready to hand him everything and anticipate his wants; nor was he used to such an array of knives, forks, spoons and glasses, each of which had its proper function. Mrs. Bonsell had seated him at the head of the table, near her husband, with Elsie on his right and Dick opposite to him, and the financier and Elsie made it their business to see that he was relieved of all embarrassment. Johnny was sure he had never had such a meal in his life, and doubtless he was right. After dinner they sat on the veranda for a long time, and then they went inside and had music and singing.

Johnny had a good voice himself, and was persuaded to sing. His repertory consisted of those songs to which he was accustomed, and which are usually classified as "rag-time." Johnny's rendition of them brought out their best points, and Elsie and her mother particularly enjoyed them. Next morning Johnny was treated to what he called a swell breakfast, but that was because it was simply superior to the plain bill-of-fare to which he was accustomed. About eleven he, Dick and Elsie started off on a walk along the shore. There was a line of cliffs near Springdale village which extended down into the water at high tide. At low tide their base was uncovered, disclosing a hard sandy beach which traversed their entire length. The cliffs were broken in indentations, one of which connected with a ravine that led upward by degrees and finally ended at the back of the cliffs near the road that ran in that direction.

There was a pool of water at the opening of the ravine close to the shore, but it was not in sight of the entrance. At low tide there was perhaps three feet of water in it, but when the tide was up the pool itself was covered and lost in the swirl of water that flowed into the lowest part of the ravine. Behind the pool, and hidden by a wild overgrowth of trees and shrubbery, was a rickety-looking hut, consisting of one room and a loft above it. It had been built and used by some fishermen years ago, but had long since been abandoned, though occasionally used by tramps as a roosting spot over night. The tide being low when the three young people struck the shore, Dick Bonsell led the way around by the beach route. In the course of fifteen minutes they came to the ravine.

"Do you want to continue along the beach, or shall we walk up this way to the road, and then up to the top of the cliffs, where we can get a fine view of the Sound?" said Dick.

"If your sister is willing I think I'd like to go to the top of the cliffs," said Johnny. "I've been brought up in the city, and have never had the chance to get a good look at the country."

"I'd prefer to go to the top of the cliffs myself," said Elsie, and so they entered the ravine and presently came to the pool.

While standing around the water they were not aware that two pairs of eyes were watching them from behind the shrubbery in front of the hut. The eyes belonged to two rough-looking men who had slept the preceding night in the shanty.

"Do you see that chap in the blue suit?" said one of them.

"I'd be blind if I didn't," growled the other.

"He does look familiar, but blame me if I remember where I've seen him."

"If he isn't the wagon boy who gave us such a lot of trouble two weeks ago, I'm a liar."

"Looks like him; but he's a tenement lad, and wouldn't be down here hobnobbin' with them two swell kids."

"Don't make no difference, I'll swear he's the chap."

"What if he is?" asked the tall crook, whose name was Bigley.

"A whole lot. We owe him for spoilin' our game, and now is as good a chance as any to get square with him," said the short crook, whose name was Snorkey.

"How are we goin' to do it?" asked Bigley.

"Why, nab him, of course, and put him in the hut while we decide what we'll do with him."

"That would be all right if he was alone, but the gal and the other kid'll make trouble for us."

"What's the matter with catchin' the hull three? You take one of the boys, and I'll take the other. The gal won't do nothin' but scream, maybe, and we can soon shut her mouth."

Bigley, however, had his doubts about the success of his companion's plan, and seemed loath to take a hand in it.

"Somebody would hear the gal scream, and come to find out what the trouble was," he said. "Then we'd have to run to save ourselves."

"There's a place up the ravine where only one can pass at a time. We'll go on ahead of 'em, lie in wait behind the rocks and surprise them," said Snorkey.

"I don't think your scheme is worth the trouble," Bigley said.

"Bah! You're a fine pal," replied Snorkey, in disgust. "There they go now. We'll lose the chance."

Johnny, Dick and Elsie left the margin of the pool and started up the ravine. The two rascals looked after them. Hardly had they disappeared when Bigley changed front, and then he and Snorkey started after the young people by a different route. They worked around through the bushes till they got well in advance and arrived at a spot where they could ambush the young people. Dick first appeared in advance, and seeing that he was alone they let him pass. Johnny and Elsie were lagging behind very much interested in each other. They stopped to look at a bunch of wild flowers, which Johnny proceeded to gather when Elsie thought she would like to have them.

"Now's our chance," said Snorkey. "We'll put back and grab them two and rush 'em to the hut. The other chap won't miss 'em for a minute or two, and by the time he starts back to look for 'em we'll have 'em safe and he won't know where they've taken themselves off to."

The two crooks walked softly toward the unsuspecting pair and then suddenly grabbed them. Elsie was easy, but Johnny proved a troublesome lad to handle. While he was taken at a disadvantage, and could not do much, still he put up a big fight against Snorkey, who had hold of him.

"Give up or I'll mash your head in," cried the crook.

Johnny wasn't one of the giving up kind, and refused to yield. While they were struggling together, Bigley bore Elsie off, disappearing into the bushes. He held his hand over the girl's mouth so she couldn't utter a sound. She was terribly frightened at finding herself in the arms of a strange man, who had all the earmarks of a ruffian, and before he got her back to the pool she had fainted dead away. The struggle between Johnny and Snorkey continued, the latter realizing that he had tackled a tougher proposition than he had counted on. In the meanwhile Dick missed his sister and Johnny and sat down to wait for them. When they didn't show up he wondered what was keeping them, and retraced his steps to find out. When he reached the spot where he had last seen them he was astonished to see Johnny struggling desperately with a hard-looking man.

His sister was not in sight. Dick stopped aghast for a moment and then dashed forward to the rescue. Snorkey thus found himself in still greater difficulties. When he endeavored to defend himself against this fresh attack from behind, Johnny took advantage of the loosening of his grip to wriggle around and plant a blow in his stomach. At the same moment Dick struck him in the jaw. With a furious imprecation Snorkey let go of Johnny and struck Dick a crack on the head that sent him staggering back into the bushes. Then he turned on Johnny again, but the boy was ready to receive his attack. After failing to land on the parcel boy he tried to close with him. Johnny dexterously avoided this, and as he slipped aside he uppercut Snorkey under the chin, and then fetched him another wallop in the stomach.

Dick recovered his feet, and picking up a stout tree branch struck the rascal such a blow on the arm with it as to paralyze the member for the time being. Johnny's tough fist then partially closed one of his eyes. With a howl of fury Snorkey reached for his hip pocket and drew his revolver. As he was in the act of cocking it Dick swept it from his fingers with a blow of the branch. At the same time Johnny smashed him a third blow below the belt. Snorkey felt that he would be done up between the two boys, so he took to his heels and fled in the same direction his companion had gone.

"Where is my sister?" asked Dick, anxiously, as Johnny picked up the revolver.

"Two men attacked us and one of them carried her off in his arms. We must follow him and rescue her."

"Which way did he go?" asked Dick, now anxious and excited.

"This way. Come on," said Johnny.

They hurried back down the ravine as fast as they could go, Johnny holding the cocked revolver in readiness for business if necessary.

CHAPTER XI.—Johnny Takes the Two Crooks into Camp.

When they reached the pool there was still no sign of Elsie, so they continued on to the shore.

"I don't see where the villain could have carried her, nor why he did such a thing," said Johnny.

"I didn't hear her scream, and I was not far away from you both at any time," said Dick, who was all broke up over his sister's disappearance.

"The fellow never came out here, but must have hid somewhere in the bushes. We must go back and search the whole ravine," said Johnny.

So back they went, and when they pushed their way through the shrubbery near the pool they came upon the house. Rushing in, both were felled by blows delivered by the two crooks who were hiding inside. Dick was knocked out, but Johnny recovered himself sufficiently as he lay on the floor to cover the two crooks with the revolver. Johnny recognized both now as the rascals he and the driver for Duncan & Rich had had the trouble with.

"I know you, you rascals," he said, sitting up. "What have you done with the young lady?" he asked Bigley.

"Nothin'," replied the scoundrel. "Where is she?"

"Find out," replied the fellow sulkily.

"That's what I'm going to do. You were the last who has seen her, tell me what you have done with her, or I'll put a ball into you."

"You wouldn't dare shoot me," snarled Bigley, working his hand toward his hip pocket.

"None of that. Take your hand away from your back pocket. You've got a gun, I suppose, but you won't get it out if I can help it."

"You've got us on the hip. If you'll let us go I'll tell you where the girl is. We have no use for her."

"What did you carry her off for then?"

"We wanted to get you, for we owe you a grudge, and we had to do somethin' with her to prevent her screamin' when we tackled you," said Bigley.

"Well, you haven't got me. The boct is on the other leg. Now where is the young lady?"

"Will you let up on us?"

"No, I won't."

"Then I won't let you know where she is."

Crack! Johnny pulled the trigger and the bullet whizzed close to Bigley's head. Both men made a dash for the door, Snorkey in advance. Johnny deliberately aimed at that rascal's legs and fired. Snorkey pitched headlong out of the door with a loud yell and Bigley tripped over him. Johnny jumped on his feet and followed them outside, where he held Bigley down by pointing the revolver at him.

"Don't shoot," cried the crook, in terror of his life, seeing that the boy was thoroughly in earnest.

"Where is the young lady, then?"

"In the loft of that shack."

At that moment Dick appeared at the door, looking rather wobbly.

"Come here, Dick," said Johnny. "This chap

I'm holding down has a revolver in his hip pocket. Take it away from him."

Dick didn't fancy the job, for he was afraid to approach the ugly-looking ruffian. Snorkey was moaning with pain on the ground and could not help his pal had he been disposed to take the risk of doing so.

"Turn over," cried Johnny to Bigley, threatening him with his weapon.

The crook obeyed. Johnny then walked up to him and pulled the revolver out of his pocket.

"Here, Dick, take this, and stand over that fellow. If he moves shoot him."

Then warning young Bonsell to look out for Snorkey, too, he ran into the hut, mounted the ladder and saw Elsie lying senseless on a bunch of dirty straw. He picked her up and carried her outside. Dick gave an exclamation of joy on seeing his sister. Johnny laid Elsie down, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket, grabbed hold of Bigley's arms and tied them behind his back. Then he carried the girl to the edge of the pool and laved her face with water. This brought her out of her faint.

"Oh, Mr. Green!" she cried.

"You're all right now, Miss Bonsell. Here is your brother, so don't look so frightened."

He helped her on her feet and she rushed to her brother. He told her that she owed her rescue more to Johnny than himself. She started to thank our hero, but he cut her short.

"It's all right, Miss Bonsell. Now, Dick, you and your sister had better return home and tell your father what has happened. I'll stay here and watch these chaps till your father sends or brings a couple of officers to take charge of them. Lose no time about it, for the sooner they're in jail the better," said the parcel boy.

Accordingly Dick and his sister started off by way of the beach, the tide not being high enough yet to cut them off. Johnny, with a revolver in each hand, stood guard over the prisoners. Bigley tried to persuade the boy to let them go, but he wouldn't listen to them. More than an hour later Mr. Bonsell appeared with Dick and two of the village constables. Mr. Bonsell thanked Johnny for rescuing his daughter from the hands of the two rascals, assuring him that he could not forget this additional obligation he was under to him. The crooks were handcuffed and removed to the wagon, the constables being obliged to carry the wounded Snorkey. They were then driven to the lock-up, where Snorkey's leg was attended to by a physician.

Mr. Bonsell, Dick and Johnny walked back to the cottage. The young visitor was high in Elsie's good graces during the rest of the brief visit, and the boy was sorry that he had to return to the city so soon. The earliest train left Springdale about eight o'clock, landing Johnny in Brooklyn shortly after nine. He reached the store at a quarter of ten, and as his wagon was out with another boy, he was put to work bringing bundles to the different exits in readiness for the wagons as fast as they came back from their tours.

"Well, Johnny, it's a fine time I suppose ye had in the country," said his mother when he entered the living-room that evening after work.

"Bang up, mother. I had an exciting experience, too. It seems to be my luck of late to run

into all kinds of adventures," replied her son.

"What happened to ye?" asked his mother curiously.

"I'll tell you about it in its proper order."

He sat up to his supper and between bites he told his mother about the nice way the financier and his family had entertained him; the good things he had to eat; how pretty and vivacious Elsie Bonsell was, and what a capital fellow her brother had proved himself to be. Then he told her about the experiences that he, Dick and Elsie had with the two crooks. During the rest of the summer nothing out of the common happened to him.

He found it pretty strenuous work carrying parcels up stairs in the different flat houses, when the temperature was up around 90 degrees in the shade, but he did it with the utmost cheerfulness, and never went to sleep over his work. During August he received another invitation to Mr. Bonsell's cottage, and the superintendent let him off half a day so he could avail himself of it. On this occasion the financier asked him if he wouldn't like to transfer his field of action to Wall Street. He replied that he thought he'd rather remain at the store, as his chances for advancement were good there.

"Very well," replied Mr. Bonsell, "but if you should change your mind let me know, and I will get you a position."

The two crooks were tried at the county seat during the early part of September, and Johnny was obliged to get off for a day to give his testimony at the trial. They were convicted and got six years each, which was equivalent to four years of actual imprisonment if they behaved themselves.

"Well," said Johnny to the driver, "there's more coming to them when they have served out their present sentence. I don't see how it pays to be a crook. They all get it in the neck sooner or later."

"That's right," admitted the driver, as he reined in before a flat house and Johnny grabbed up the parcels he had to deliver on the third floor.

Our hero made the acquaintance of the girls in the store, and they made a whole lot of him whenever they met him; but none of them, not even Annie Rooney, the queen of the bunch, made the same impression on him that Elsie Bonsell did. That miss was his ideal of a girl, and as her social position was away above his own, he contented himself with worshipping her at a distance, and envying the well-to-do boys who moved in her own particular set.

CHAPTER XII.—Johnny Blocks a Store Thief.

After the Bonsells came back to the city in October, Johnny received an invitation to visit them at their home on West Seventy-second Street. He called one evening and received a cordial welcome. As Elsie considered him her special company she was allowed to do the major part of the entertaining. Johnny was delighted to have her do it. They had a delightful evening together, and when he took his leave at half-past ten she told him she would expect him to call

again soon, which he eagerly promised to do. Elsie told her mother in confidence that Johnny was really a very nice boy, and that she liked him very much indeed.

"He is awfully careful how he talks, and seems to be watching himself all the time, but in spite of that he uses some odd expressions once in a while, and then he blushes up and looks embarrassed. Of course I take no notice of them, for I know he wouldn't use them if it wasn't that he forgets himself. Really, mother, I'm very much interested in him. He is so manly, and brave, and—he saved my life, you know, not to speak of rescuing me from that horrible man the first Sunday he spent with us at Springdale. I do admire his earnest way, and he certainly treats me as if I was a kind of superior being that he was almost afraid of. He is most refreshingly frank sometimes. He never says one thing when he means another. I do like to see a person tell the truth. So many of the boys in our set are inclined to jolly, as they call it, that I really don't know when they mean what they say. Mr. Green is not at all that way. He said to-night that I was a lovely singer, and I know he honestly meant it. That is a kind of compliment that is worth something."

Elsie did not tell her mother, however, that Johnny had told her in one of his frank moments that she was the prettiest and nicest girl he had ever met. She knew he meant that, too, and it brought a rich blush into her face. Had Johnny attempted to make love to her she would have turned him down in a polite way that would have been unmistakable; but by making love with his eyes, and in a hundred unconscious movements, he gradually made an inroad on her own heart that she never suspected until the damage was done, and she awoke to the fact that she really cared for this lad of the tenements, who carried his heart on his sleeve in her company, and who she knew had the ring of true metal. It was the first week in December, and Johnny had been carrying parcels for Duncan & Rich for about six months. The holiday season was on and the store was more than usually crowded. It was the time shop-lifters and sneak thieves made their harvest—that is, the lucky ones did—the others found a quick finish.

Extra salesladies were taken on in all the big stores, and Duncan & Rich's was no exception, for they had to increase their force materially. Of course this big increase of business made strenuous times for Johnny and the other parcel boys. The wagons were loaded down every time they went out, and instead of getting home at eight, or before that hour, Johnny seldom saw the supper table before half-past nine, and the driver told him that they would be off later each week up to the first of the year. The result was he and the driver when they felt real hungry would stop in front of a small coffee house, if they struck one on their route, and refresh themselves with a sandwich and a cup of coffee. One day when the wagon got back about two, the boss of the shipping-room told Johnny that he was not to go out that afternoon.

"I'm going to use you in the room here, in place of a boy who went home sick. You'll have to hustle, but I guess you'll find it easier than running up and down stairs. In any case I believe

your wagon days will cease with the first of the year."

"Yes?" said Johnny in surprise.

"That's confidential, between you and me. You mustn't let it out. The super is going to advance you, and so I have been instructed to use you in the shipping-room here whenever necessary so as to put you in a way of learning the ropes."

"I'm glad to hear that I may expect a lift. I want to get ahead as fast as I can."

"You'll get ahead all right. You're built of the right stuff, and the super knows it, you may gamble on it. He's got the measure of every employee in the house, and when he lets a regular go you may be sure there is a reason for it."

The man then set Johnny at work bringing the parcels from the end of the room as fast as they were brought there from the different wrapping tables in the store. And this was by no means the only thing he had to do. Mistakes were made by the wrappers in labeling the goods, which had to be rectified, and he was often sent to different places in the store to fix the matter up. On one of these occasions he was passing through the ladies' cloak and suit department, which was almost exclusively frequented by women, when he saw two hard-looking men looking into the room. They appeared to be watching a lady who was taking a roll of money from a wallet she had just pulled out of her handbag.

After peeling off a bill she stuffed the rest of the money back in her pocketbook, but instead of dropping it into her bag she momentarily laid it down on the end of a table. She turned her back on it while handing the bill to the saleslady who was waiting on her. Both men immediately glided forward, and while one of them jostled the lady and then began to beg her pardon, his companion snatched up the wallet. Johnny, who had a bundle of packages in his arms at the time, uttered an exclamation of surprise at the thief's audacity.

He wasn't the only person, though, who had observed the daring theft. The floorwalker had not been asleep and he spied the act, too. He rushed forward to prevent the man from leaving the room with the plunder. The crooks saw at once that they were detected. While one of the rascals blocked the floorwalker, his companion started for the door with the stolen pocketbook. Johnny, attracted to the spot by the disturbance, flung his packages at the fellow, knocking the wallet from his hand. The crook staggered back from the shock, and Johnny took advantage of the chance to dart forward and pick it up. Holding it in one hand he seized the man by the arm. The fellow jerked his arm away and rushed for the door. Johnny stuffed the wallet in his pocket and darted after him.

The crowd beyond hindered the thief's progress, and Johnny nailed him again, this time with both hands, and held on to him despite his struggles. Of course the women, of which the crowd was mostly composed, were thrown into a small panic. The appearance of a store detective soon straightened things out. With Johnny's assistance he marched the man back into the cloak and suit room where he found the floorwalker, with the help of a male clerk, had captured the accomplice.

"Here's the pocketbook that was stolen," said Johnny, handing it to the floorwalker.

The lady to whom it belonged was not able to recover it, however, and the detective explained that it would be necessary to hand it over to the police to be used as evidence against the prisoners. Both of the rascals were taken to the superintendent's office. Johnny, the lady to whom the wallet belonged, the floorwalker and the detective went along. After the superintendent had been told the facts he ordered the men to be taken into an adjoining room and searched. Several articles that appeared to belong to the store were found on them, but they denied taking them. Finally a cab was sent for and they were taken by the detective to the nearest police station, where there were locked up.

Later on they were removed to the Tombs Prison. Next morning they were brought up for examination before the police magistrate, and Johnny, the floorwalker and the store detective appeared against them. The judge held them for the action of the Grand Jury, and we may as well say here that they were duly tried, convicted and sent to Sing Sing for a term of years, and then the lady got her pocketbook back intact.

CHAPTER XIII.—Johnny Takes Elsie to the Theatre.

On the first of the year Johnny was transferred from the wagon delivery to a position in the shipping department. As his chief business was to handle parcels of all shapes and sizes he still came under the head of a parcel boy. He now had regular hours, from eight in the morning until six at night, with half an hour at noon for lunch. He liked his new job much better than the old one because he could get home every night by half-past six, and that enabled him to have the whole evening to himself. His wages were raised to \$6, and that was quite an item to his mother. She had quit taking in washing, having secured a steady job to go out by the day cleaning in an office building not a great distance from her home.

She was employed from 6 to 7:30 in the morning and from 5 till about 8 in the evening.

Johnny always found his breakfast waiting for him in the oven when he got up, and he cooked his own supper when he got home from work.

He continued to be a regular visitor at the Bonsell home, for Elsie looked for him to call every second Wednesday, and he did not disappoint her.

He usually met Mrs. Bonsell and sometimes Mr. Bonsell, but not often Dick, as that young man called on his own girl that evening.

Johnny had unconsciously acquired considerable polish from his intercourse with Elsie, and her family, for he was quick to pick up what he felt he lacked.

He was studiously polite to all older than himself, was particularly neat in his person, and was called the dude of the block in which he lived, though actually there was nothing of the dude about him.

As soon as he came in possession of his evenings he started to attend night school.

Thus by separating himself from his common surroundings the good impressions he picked up

associating with the Bonsells took firm root and flourished.

He often wished he could afford to invite Elsie to go with him to the theatre; but this was out of the question, for he couldn't take her to a cheap theatre, nor to a cheap section of a good theatre.

Elsie herself wished to go to some entertainment with him, but she didn't know how to get around it until she consulted with her mother.

Then it was arranged that she should buy two seats for a certain new play at a Broadway house, and get her brother Dick to do the rest.

Dick took the tickets, called at the store on Grand Street and asked for Johnny.

He was shown into the shipping department, where he found the boy hard at work.

"Good afternoon, Johnny," he said.

"Why, hello, Dick; glad to see you. Rather out of your latitude down here, aren't you?" said Johnny, pleased to see Dick.

"Somewhat, but that's nothing. What have you got on for-to-morrow night?"

"Night school."

"Well, you can pass it up for one night, can't you?"

"Yes, of course. Why?"

"Well, I've got a couple of seats here for the 'Prince and the Pilgrim,' at the Empire. My sister wants to see the play the worst way, so I promised to take her. I got the seats, but an important engagement has turned up which I really can't afford to miss. I can't change the tickets so I thought you'd do me the favor to use them and take Elsie. I consulted her about the matter, and she said she would be delighted to go with you. In fact I'll bet a dollar she'd rather go with you than with me, for brothers aren't always the company that girls like—I mean their own brothers—they'll go fast enough with another girl's brother. Now, can I depend on you?"

"Yes, but I can't pay you for the tickets now," said Johnny, tickled at the idea of taking Elsie to a good show, but dubious about the cost of the pleasure.

"Pay me for the tickets! Why, I'm making you a present of them, old chap. The favor is all on your side. You're helping me out of a dilemma. I'm much obliged to you for agreeing to take my sister. I'm going right home and I'll tell her that you will be on hand at a quarter of eight to-morrow evening, and that you expect her to be all ready when you get there. You can take a Broadway car down to the door of the theater, and ditto back."

"All right," replied Johnny, and then Dick said good-bye and left.

Johnny rang the bell at the Bonsells at exactly fifteen minutes of eight on the following evening, and was shown up into the sitting-room where he always met Elsie.

Mrs. Bonsell was in the room and gave him a welcoming smile.

Two minutes later Elsie sailed into the room looking like a dream in—well, what's the use of describing what she wore.

She looked so lovely that she almost took Johnny's breath away.

"You see I haven't kept you waiting long," she smiled after they had greeted each other. "Dick

said you were very particular about me being on time."

"You mustn't believe all that, Miss Elsie. I would have waited for you as long as you wanted me to," said Johnny, earnestly.

"You dear boy!" she thought, but didn't say, though her eyes must have expressed her sentiments. "Come, we will go. Good-by, mother. Mr. Green will take good care of me."

"I am sure he will," her mother replied with a smile.

"You are looking lovely to-night, Miss Elsie," said Johnny, when they were outside; "I mean particularly lovely. You always look—I beg your pardon. You must excuse me. I have no right to say everything I think."

"Oh, I don't mind what you say, Mr. Green," she replied softly, clinging a little closer to him. "I mean I appreciate everything you say, for I know you never say anything you don't mean, or that I should not hear."

"Thank you, Miss Elsie. You are very kind to say so. And you are very good to permit me to escort you to the theater. I have often wished that I could take you, but—but I was afraid that—that I had no right to expect you to go with me."

"Why not with you, Mr. Green? There is no one, except my father and mother, and my brother, I would sooner trust myself with."

"Thank you. I hardly deserve such a favor on your part. I am not your—your—I think you know what I mean. I am really a poor boy, but I'd go through fire and water to serve you. Perhaps I ought not to say that, but I mean it."

"I believe you, Mr. Green. You may not be socially my equal, as you have just hinted, but that is not your fault. Nevertheless, in my opinion you are superior to many boys in my set, in all respects save the possession of money. I regard you as a brave, manly, noble boy, whom I am proud to number among my intimate friends. There, I've said it, and I don't care. Like yourself I am inclined to say just what I mean," said Elsie.

Johnny made no reply.

His thoughts struggled to come out, but perished on his lips.

Elsie cast a covert glance into his face, and saw something in his face that kept her silent until they boarded a Broadway car, when she began speaking lightly about the play they were going to see.

Johnny felt as proud as a king when he marched into the theatre with the lovely girl on his arm.

Elsie enjoyed the show greatly, but Johnny thought more of the fair girl by his side than of the play.

He was not thoroughly happy, strange as it may appear.

He felt that as long as he lived he would never care for another girl as he did for Elsie, but he knew that she was not for him.

He was not in her class, and—that settled the matter.

After the show his solicitude to see that she was well wrapped to meet the wintry air outside drew her closer than ever to him.

She knew he loved her—with a boyish love.

maybe; but as enduring as the passion of maturer years; and she? Well, she wasn't saying anything.

He took her home and opened the door for her to enter.

"Good night, Mr. Green. I thank you for giving me so delightful an evening," she said, giving him her hand.

"Good night, Miss Elsie. I thank you for going with me."

He gave her a look and then hurried down the steps.

And Elsie carried that look with her into her dreams.

CHAPTER XIV.—Johnny Shows Himself to be a Real Man.

The next time Johnny visited Elsie her quick eye observed a difference in him.

No one else would have noticed it, but she did.

He treated her as he always did, but there was something missing.

What she missed was what she prized the most, and the evening proved something of a failure.

She wondered why he was changed.

She could not understand it after that look he had given her in which she read a boyish devotion that thrilled her very nature to its depths.

When he went away she ran to her room and cried for an hour.

She looked forward to his next visit with an unrest so unusual that her mother remarked it.

On the day that he always called in the evening a letter was delivered to her by the maid.

She recognized his handwriting and tore it open eagerly.

It ran as follows:

"Dear Miss Elsie—I shall disappoint you to-night. It is better that I should. It is better that we do not meet again. I have realized at last that I cannot continue to see you for reasons that perhaps you can guess. Forgive me for taking this abrupt way of breaking off our friendship. I could not do it personally. I could not look into your eyes and say what I am trying to write. You have been the best friend I ever had. I shall never forget you—never. You cannot understand what I suffer in writing this letter; but let it go. I am only the son of a poor scrubwoman, while you are the daughter of a gentleman of wealth. That covers the whole question. Some day I may—but what's the use of talking. Please remember me with kindness. It is all I dare ask of you. Sincerely,

"Johnny."

Elsie dropped the letter with a little cry, then picked it up and read it through again.

Springing up she rushed into her mother's room, where Mrs. Bonsell was reading a magazine.

Falling on her knees she buried her head in her mother's lap and burst into a flood of tears.

"Why, my darling, what is the matter?" cried the surprised lady.

It was some little time before Elsie could answer, then she raised her head and handed her mother the letter.

The lady read it through.

"Mamma, mamma, I love him—with all my heart. He is the best, the noblest boy in the world. I cannot—cannot give him up. I am sure he loves me, too, and because of the social gulf between us he has given up all thoughts of winning me. But I do love him, mamma. I do—I do—I do. He must come back to me—he must, or I shall die. I know I shall."

Mrs. Bonsell soothed her daughter in a tactful way.

"He is but a boy of seventeen and you only a little girl, dear. There is lots of time yet for you two children to think of love. That letter does Johnny credit. He is wiser than you, my dear. He knows—"

"Oh, mamma, it's because I'm the daughter of rich parents he—"

"Yes, my dear, and it shows his good sense by—"

"Mamma, would it be proper for me to write to him?"

"What would you say, my dear?"

"I would tell him that I—"

She stopped and blushed vividly, and hid her head on her mother's shoulder.

Mrs. Bonsell smiled indulgently.

Has he ever mentioned love to you?"

"Never, mother; but I saw it in his eyes, in his manner, in every action. He is too honorable to speak of it to me. Oh, mamma, if you only knew him as I know him! The night he took me to the theatre when he left me at the door he gave me a look I never can forget. I read in it the love of a noble heart; but now—oh, mamma!—I can see something else—something else. That expression will always haunt me unless I can bring him back."

"My dear, it is better as it is. We should not think of you marrying for at least four years yet. It would be ridiculous. You have yet to go to college. You go to Vassar in the fall, and it will take you four years to graduate. In the meantime Johnny has to work his way up in the world. He is a smart boy. Who can say what he will accomplish in that time? Your father is satisfied he will make his mark. Admitting that you both believe you love each other now, will that love survive four years of separation and the growth of your natures? If it will, then your father and I will decide if it is best that you renew the old friendship."

"But, mamma, is it not right that I should bid him hope?"

"No, dear, for we might have other views for you. You, yourself, might find someone else—"

"No, no; I never—"

"Hush! There are other reasons I might mention. It would be unfair to him to let him build hopes on what might never come to pass. He has cut the knot himself in a thoroughly honorable way. There is nothing more to be done. It is the man's privilege to woo. The proprieties forbid you from taking the initiative. You see, dear, there is really nothing more to be said or done in this matter. Some day you will understand these things better than you do now. That is all. Go to your room and prepare yourself for dinner."

That evening Mrs. Bonsell had a talk with her husband. She got Johnny's letter from Elsie and he read it.

"Laura," said the financier, "that boy is worth

watching. I shall keep my eye on him. Every line of that letter spells love for Elsie and a boy's resolute determination to give up what he feels he has no right to hope for. Unless I err greatly that boy's love will survive time and circumstances. His regard for our child will grow with his years, hopeless though it may appear to him. As for Elsie, that is quite a different matter. Four years at college will make another girl of her. I doubt if it will be necessary for us to consider the problem at the end of that time. At any rate we can safely forget it till then."

"I agree with you," replied his wife.

"As a last word, then, I will say that should the unexpected develop I shall be greatly surprised if Johnny fails to prove a worthy suitor for Elsie's hand."

So Elsie and Johnny saw no more of each other, but the latter was asked to call at Mr. Bonsell's office. What passed at the interview between the parcel boy and the financier was known only to themselves, but both seemed to be satisfied when it was closed. After that Johnny went on with his work as if nothing of a momentous character had happened to him. On the first of July he was promoted to a better position in the shipping-room and his pay raised to \$10. On the first of the ensuing year he was raised to assistant boss of the department with a still higher raise in wages. The day he closed two years' service with the house the superintendent took him out of the shipping-room and made him his confidential assistant. His progress was reported to Mr. Bonsell whenever that gentleman asked for the information, but Johnny never knew about it. Mrs. Green, much against her will, had been induced by her son to move to a small flat uptown. Johnny's first thought was for his mother, and his devotion to her was so marked as to win the secret applause of their neighbors. But deep down in the boy's heart was the face and form of a girl he had not seen for a year and a half—and his love for that girl deepened as time sped.

CHAPTER XV.—Johnny Saves the Firm.

Towards the middle of the fall business throughout the country was rather slow and money became tight. Many manufacturers who had made up their usual stock in anticipation of a lively fall trade, had failed to turn their goods into cash at the customary profit, and were compelled to ask offers on their stock from department store buyers, who naturally took advantage of the situation to make the best terms they could. The buyers for Duncan & Rich were on the job with the others. The opportunity to purchase a big stock of men's and boys' clothing at very low rates induced the firm to consider the plan of adding such a department to their store, and then selling out at "below cost."

They hired an expert buyer in that line and gave him his instructions. In a short time he got on to a special bargain—the entire output of a well-known establishment—and secured an option on it ahead of the buyers of the big department stores uptown. The firm had already made other extensive purchases. These purchases all came due within a few days of each other, or

within a time limit of less than two weeks, and to meet these payments Duncan & Rich began to accumulate a large cash balance in their bank. Johnny's duties in the superintendent's office gave him an insight into these matters. That afternoon he overheard the superintendent remark to Mr. Duncan that though the firm had borrowed a considerable sum in Wall Street that day at a high rate of interest to make up the amount necessary to cover drafts that would be made on them during the following week they were sure to make a good profit out of the sale of the goods at quick bargain prices.

"Yes, sir; I think there is no doubt of that," said Mr. Duncan. "I shall be glad when these payments have been made, for though the stability of our bank is beyond question, we have such a large balance on deposit, a considerable part of which is money temporarily borrowed to meet these extraordinary payments, that were the bank, through any untoward circumstance, to suspend payment, it would place the firm in a most embarrassing position, not to speak of absolute danger."

Mr. Duncan's words made considerable impression on Johnny, who was present, and that afternoon he looked the afternoon papers over carefully to see how the financial situation appeared to be. The first thing he saw was an announcement of a run on an uptown trust company. The officials, on being interviewed, had said it would amount to nothing. In any event the resources of the bank would stand any ordinary run. Next morning Johnny was sent on an errand in the neighborhood of the bank in which the firm had its money. While waiting for an answer in the office he visited, he heard two men discussing the condition of his bosses' bank. "Well, if I were you, Jones," said one, "I'd draw my money out the bank closes at noon. I've got the tip on the quiet, of course, from a high financier that the bank don't open its doors Monday morning."

His companion, with a startled look, said he'd draw his money at once. At that point Johnny got his answer, and left the office. Instead of taking a car back for the store he made a beeline for Fletcher Bonsell's office. He was accorded an immediate audience with the financier.

"You are up in the financial situation, sir, will you tell me whether you think the—Bank is in any danger of stopping payment?" asked Johnny?"

"Johnny, if I say Yes will you keep my name out of it?"

"I will, sir," said Johnny eagerly.

"Then for Elsie's sake, who has not forgotten you, I say to you see Mr. Duncan or Mr. Rich the moment you get back, and tell them that you have it from the best of authority that the—Bank will not open Monday morning. Take a cab, for it's nearly eleven, and what is to be done must be done within the next hour."

He hired a cab and ordered the driver to reach Duncan & Rich's store as fast as he dared drive. In fifteen minutes the cab pulled up in front of the door. He rushed upstairs to the private offices near the counting-room.

"Mr. Duncan, I want to see you privately on a matter of great importance to the firm."

"What is it?"

Johnny gave him the news straight from the shoulder. The gentleman was staggered.

"Come with me," he said, and Johnny accompanied him to the cab.

At five minutes of twelve they left the bank with two large packages of notes in their arms and went directly to a safe deposit vault, where Mr. Duncan rented a big box and put the packages into it.

On Monday morning a notice appeared on the outer door of the — Bank that the institution had temporarily stopped payment and was in the hands of the State bank examiners. An extra announced the fact, and great excitement ensued in Wall Street. Johnny had indeed saved the firm, and Duncan & Rich, an hour later, called him into the senior partner's room and acknowledged their indebtedness to him. On Christmas Eve the firm presented him with a check for \$5,000. We will skip two years. Johnny was something over twenty-one, and had just been made superintendent of Duncan & Rich's store.

It was Christmas Day and he had, after some hesitation, accepted an invitation to dine with the Bonsell family. After a few minutes he was left alone and then a lovely young woman entered the room. It was Elsie, fairer than his wildest dreams had pictured her.

"I am so glad to see you again, Mr. Green," she said, offering him her hand.

"And I am glad to see you, Miss Elsie—I beg pardon—Miss Bonsell."

"No, not Miss Bonsell. To you I am always Elsie," she said, with a humble look in her eyes.

"And I—what am I to you? What can I ever be to you?" he asked.

"That depends on yourself," she replied softly.
"On me?"

"Yes," as she drew a letter from her bosom and handed it to him. "I have treasured that note—the only one you ever wrote me—because it spoke the sentiments of a noble, manly soul. Do you wish me to retain it longer?"

"Yes. Oh, Elsie, I love you—love you with all my heart. Do you really care for me? Do you consider me worthy of your love?"

"Yes, dear Johnny, I love you—with all my heart, and I consider you worthy of a love that has grown in my heart through five long years."

He caught her to his heart and their lips met in their first kiss, and as they stand there, the most beautiful picture of love's young dream, we will drop the curtain on Johnny, once the parcel boy—the lad who saved the firm.

Next week's issue will contain "GOING THE LIMIT; or, A BIG RISK FOR BIG MONEY."



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TRUTHFUL JAMES

or

The Boy Who Would Not Drink

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XIV.—A Neighborhood Trouble.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Sally, "I don't mind walking the distance at all."

"Well, I'd rather have you with me than not," and she called to Jimmy that Sally was there in the house, and going to town with them, so suggested that he hitch up the wagon.

Quick as a flash, Jimmy changed his plans, and attached the horse to the light wagon, in which all three of them could ride comfortably, and in about fifteen minutes he had his mother and sweetheart seated in the vehicle, while he occupied the front seat and dashed off toward the village.

Jimmy was very happy talking with his mother and sweetheart, as they dashed along the road into the village. They soon arrived at their destination, and Mrs. Watson and Sally left the wagon and visited several stores doing some shopping.

Jimmy had a little business to attend to himself, and went to another place, stopping in front of the house and hitching his horse to a post, afterwards entering the place.

Somebody told him that he had better look out, as George Williams was also in town, and was as drunk as a "biled owl."

"Oh, he's on a tear, is he?" Jimmy asked.

"Yes, and a bad one, too; and there are two other fellows filling themselves up with bad whisky with him. If you meet them you will certainly have trouble."

"Well, I have my mother and a young lady with me, and I will soon be through with my business, while by that time they will no doubt be ready to leave town."

Jimmy, however, was detained longer in the place of business than he had expected, as he had some negotiating to do with the storekeeper that detained him much longer than he had anticipated.

Presently he heard considerable noise out in front of the place, and by and by a half-grown boy came running into the store and sung out:

"Jimmy Watson, there's a drunken man beating your horse out in front of the store here."

Now, Jimmy Watson was an exemplification of the old saying that "A good man is merciful to his horse."

"What!" said Jimmy. "Somebody beating my horse?"

And with that he dashed out of the store to the street to find George Williams very drunk, and mercilessly beating Jimmy's horse as he stood tied to the hitching-post.

Jimmy rushed up to him, exclaiming:

"George Williams, you want to stop that sort of thing, or take the consequences."

"Consequences be hanged," exclaimed George. "I'll lash you, too," and with that he gave Jimmy a severe cut across his face, then another over his shoulders, and before Jimmy could seize and wrench the whip from him he had cut him several times, and two big red wheelts were plainly visible on Jimmy's face.

Finally, Jimmy succeeded in seizing the whip-lash, after several efforts to do so, and wrenches it from George's hand. Then, seizing the staff, he gave him a tremendous blow alongside of the head that felled him to the ground.

Of course, there were some small boys and one or two half-drunken men standing around laughing and enjoying the strife.

When he had downed George, Jimmy gave him several hard whacks with the whip staff, and one of the fellow's half-drunken companions ran up and tried to interfere by wrenching the whip staff from his hand; but by a well-directed blow Jimmy stretched him out on the ground, at which the crowd laughed and hurrahed.

Jimmy then turned George over on his face, drew his hands behind his back, and tied them securely with the whip lash.

Then to the amazement of the dozen or more spectators, he picked him up and threw him into the body of the wagon.

Then he ran to the horse's head, unhitched him from the post, and sprang to the front seat of the wagon, dashing off in the direction of the village lock-up, the keeper of which he well knew.

The town marshal came up just as he was starting off, and learning what had happened, sprang into the wagon, and said:

"Jimmy, I'll see you through. I was just going to arrest that whole gang for disturbing the peace of the town, and I am glad that you have taken charge of the worst one."

"Well, marshal," said Jimmy, "I was in David's store attending to some business when George came up, took my whip, and began beating my horse. I tried to take the whip from him, and I wish you would look at the marks he has made on my face."

"All right, Jimmy. I'll help you take care of him," said the marshal.

When they reached the lock-up George was in a drunken stupor, and the marshal told the jailer what he had been guilty of.

"All right," said the keeper. "I'll make a case against him," and he and the marshal lifted George out and locked him up.

Jimmy then told his story, and the charge was then written down against George in the station-keeper's book, and Jimmy drove toward the dry-goods store where his mother and sweetheart were shopping, unconscious of what had happened.

They had just finished their shopping when Jimmy drove up.

"Why, Jimmy," exclaimed his mother, "how did you get those marks on your face?"

"They were given me by George Williams, mother. You and Sally get in, now, if you are through shopping, and I'll tell you all about it on the way home."

Mrs. Watson was very indignant, and exclaimed:

"That boy ought to be locked up in jail."

"Well, he is in the calaboose, mother, and I'll have to come back to-morrow and testify against him before the district judge."

"Jimmy, didn't you do anything to him?" Sally asked, her eyes flashing fire.

"Oh, I guess I did enough to him, dear," he replied. "I knocked him down, tied his hands behind him, and, throwing him into the wagon here, drove him to the lock-up."

"All by yourself?" she asked.

"Yes, he was too drunk to offer any resistance."

"Jimmy," she said, "I'm proud of you," and she climbed up into the wagon and took a seat beside Jimmy with his mother sitting behind them. When some of George's friends learned what had happened, they thought the young man had been unnecessarily disgraced by being unceremoniously thrown into the lock-up, charged with violence and disorderly conduct.

So they went in search of Jimmy, but learned from some citizens that Jimmy had just left town with his mother and Miss Holmes.

Several of them tried to overtake him, but it seems that Jimmy had driven too rapidly; and finally his pursuers had to return without him.

A half hour or so after he reached his home and was putting his horse up, two of George's friends, accompanied by George's father, arrived and demanded a written retraction of the charge against George, which they claimed would open the lock up and permit them to bring the boy out home.

Jimmy happened to have an axe handle in his hand, which had been lying on the floor of the barn.

"Mr. Williams," said he to George's father, "look at these two marks on my face. They were caused by George's lashing me across the face with my own whip. Now I will see you and those other two boys with you away off in kingdom come before I will do what you ask; and if you fellows want to fight about it, I am prepared to do my best to break your heads. George Williams is a scoundrel, and I say that to you, his father. He was beastly drunk, and was lashing my horse as it stood hitched to a post out in front of David's store."

"Jimmy," said Mr. Williams, "George has done wrong, and in his sober moments will apologize; but the disgrace of being confined in the lock-up is something awful. It will break his mother's heart; and I ask you as a friend to sign a withdrawal of the charge against him, so that I can take it and present it to the keeper, thus getting George out and bringing him home."

"My dear sir, being locked up is not half as disgraceful as being drunk on the street, and you know it as well as I do. I am going to appear in court to-morrow against him, and I shall be as hard on him as I can."

"Come away, boys," said Williams to his two companions. "There is no use in making matters worse by fighting."

And he led off on his horse across the lot, followed by the two young men who had accompanied him.

When a little distance off, the thought struck him to appeal to Mrs. Watson to settle the mat-

ter so he wheeled around in front of the house and said to her:

"Mrs. Watson, keep your son at home to-morrow, or I will not be responsible for the consequences."

Said Mrs. Watson:

"Mr. Williams, keep your son sober, or I will not be responsible for what may happen to him. He is fast becoming a drunken vagabond, and you know it as well as I do. My son caught him lashing his horse in town to-day like a drunken brute, and he knocked him down, threw him into the wagon, and delivered him to the town marshal and the station-keeper."

Williams' face flushed with shame, and putting spurs to his horse he dashed away, accompanied by his two companions, who were friends of his son George.

As soon as Williams left Sally Holmes rushed up to the barn to see Jimmy and to tell him what George's father had said to Mrs. Watson.

"And, Jimmy," she added, "it would have done your heart good had you heard how spunkily your mother replied to him. She told him that George was a drunken brute."

"Well, well, bless the dear soul," he laughed. "He will try to stop me on my way to town to-morrow to keep me from telling my story against George."

"Yes, Jimmy," said Sally, "and I'll send brother along with you to see that you have fair play."

"Oh, I guess I won't need any help, dear."

"No; but you may need a faithful witness, and I don't know but what I will ride in on my pony with you."

"You stay at home, my darling," said Jimmy, kissing her. "Your brother will be sufficient, for he is game and not afraid of Old Nick himself."

CHAPTER XV.—How Jimmy Won Again.

Early the next morning Jimmy went out to hitch the horse to the little Jersey wagon which he had used the day before, and while he was doing so young Holmes, Sally's brother, came up and said:

"Hello, Jimmy! Sally insists upon my going to town with you to-day to see that you quite finish George Williams."

"All right," he laughed. "I'll be ready now in about five minutes."

"Jimmy, have you any objection to Tom Hicks going with us?"

"None whatever. Where is he?"

"I haven't seen him this morning, but he was over home last night, and sister thought that if he were along his presence would prevent trouble, as the three of us together would be too much for the Williams crowd to tackle."

"Well, I don't think we will have any need for his services; but if he shows up he can have a seat in the wagon with us."

Just then Tom was seen approaching, and Sally's brother called to him that he was just in time, while all three of them climbed into the little wagon and took seats, Jimmy driving off in lively spirits.

"Say, Jimmy," said Hicks, "do you expect to meet with the old man and the other boys?"

(To be continued.)

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1928

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

A HIGH CLIMB BY RAIL

High standards of performance are being set by the State-owned railways of South Africa. One of the crack trains, the Union Express, on the Cape Town-Johannesburg run, travels its 900 miles in twenty-eight hours, during which it has to climb from sea level to an altitude of nearly 6,000 feet.

INDIA'S WRAPPING PAPER

In the bazaars and native shops of India, particularly in the interior, almost the only kind of wrapping paper used is the old newspaper. Likewise, the thousands of street hawkers selling every conceivable kind of small articles, always have old newspapers in which to wrap the wares. The vendors of seeds, nuts and similar foodstuffs squat at every street corner and sell these products, also wrapped in pieces of torn newspaper.

GLACIER PARK FLORA

There are said to be 950 species of plants in Glacier National Park, including more than 200 ferns, horsetails, grasses, sedges and coniferous trees. The other 750 are generally known as flowers. Among these are the Indian paintbrush, dock amaranthus, thistle and others not particularly attractive, but there are many hundreds of specimens of gorgeous coloring that may be seen from early Spring to late Summer. High up on the mountains are Alpine flowers, small and delicate in appearance, yet hardy in their endurance under trying climatic and soil conditions.

A SEER THAT WALKS

Goat's-beard, a European plant, has a seed that could almost be said to walk. It is equipped with a kind of downy, ribbed parasol, or parachute, by which it drifts for a distance through the air, and by the action of which it is able to move along

the ground after it lights. The effect of alternate sunshine and dew on the parachute is to make it expand and contract, so that unless the seed has landed on soil where it can take hold, the ribs will drag it along day after day until a favorable spot is found.

INDIAN SOLDIERS

A full-blooded Indian detachment of the United States Army, consisting of sixteen privates, two corporals and a sergeant, is stationed at Fort Huachaca, Ariz. These Indians lead as far as possible the life as led by their ancestors, living in tents, cooking at campfires and hunting for some of their food instead of drawing it all from the quartermaster. Among the names are Chow Big, Charles Bones and Sinew Riley.

AMERICANS SOON TO GET PAY ON GERMAN CLAIMS

The first batch of checks will be sent out by the Treasury soon to American claimants against the German Government under the Alien Property Law recently passed by Congress.

The checks range from \$1 into the thousands of dollars and cover claims running from personal injuries to property seizures. Another series of checks will be sent out within six weeks and this process will be continued until the claims are settled.

CLEMENCEAU TRIES TO BUY CAR; COMPANY MAKES A GIFT OF IT

Georges Clemenceau, who uses an automobile instead of the train for traveling about France, tried to buy a new car the other day and could not. The company insisted on giving it to him.

For several years the Tiger had traveled about in a big, but old, car. He decided it was about time to get a new model and went to the sales office to see how much he would be allowed on the old machine.

"Monsieur le President," the sales manager said, "France owes you too much. Let me pay my part of the debt."

And he refused to accept a sou from the Tiger.

Clemenceau, on returning to his apartment, sent a check for 10,000 francs to the automobile plant to be distributed among workmen whose circumstances were the most needy.

INJUNCTION MENACES 300 PIGS, OFFICIAL SCAVENGERS OF BOROUGH

Three hundred pigs, working in eight-hour shifts to dispose of garbage collected in Wimerding, Pa., will be looking elsewhere for employment if S. T. Barnes and William Hinkel, citizens of the borough, are successful in obtaining an injunction restraining the borough officers from carrying out a contract with David H. Chambers for the collection of the refuse. Barnes and Hinkel, citizens of the borough, have asked the injunction in Common Pleas Court on the ground that the contract was not awarded to the lowest bidder.

Chambers in court testified that he has 300 pigs, which eat the garbage, 100 at a time. At night he has the pens illuminated with electric lights. Chambers said his drove of hogs were official scavengers for the borough.

The Old Hawk's Money

By D. W. Stevens

"If you wish allow me to suggest somethin, Mr. Bates?"

"Suggest as much as you like, Dawson," growled old man Bates; "but I'll have my own way in this matter. I know what your suggestion will be before you open your lips."

The last speaker was Nick Bates, a well-known policy and lottery dealer; the backer of several fashionable gambling-houses in New York; and he also loaned large sums of money, but always on good security.

The man addressed as Dawson was a tall, handsome fellow of thirty, who dressed in the best style, sported costly diamonds, and drove a splendid pair of trotters out on the road.

"Yes, Dawson—I know what your suggestion will amount to. Hire a detective."

"That is the usual course, Mr. Bates," responded Dawson.

"The usual course of robbing," growled the old miser as he kept his hawkish eyes fixed on his safe. "Two months ago that safe was opened and twenty thousand dollars taken—stolen! We employed a detective then—didn't we? By the way, he was a particular friend of yours, Dawson."

"Merely an acquaintance, Mr. Bates. I couldn't claim him as a friend."

"Well, friend or acquaintance," snarled the old man, "you recommended him. I paid him a thousand dollars to recover my money, and I haven't seen a dollar of it yet."

"What steps do you propose to take, then, Mr. Bates?" inquired Dawson. "Seems to me you take the loss of thirty thousand dollars very coolly."

"Fifty thousand dollars and fifty cents," corrected the old man. "Twenty thousand two months ago, and thirty thousand and fifty cents last night. Do you know what I think?"

"What do you think, Mr. Bates?" inquired Dawson.

"You stole that money, or Jim Harding stole it," said the old man in firm tones; "and I can't say which at present, but I'll find out. Call him in, Dawson."

There was an innocent smile on Dawson's face as he arose from the chair and advanced to the door of the outer office. Opening the door, the ornament called out:

"Harding—Jim—Mr. Bates wants to see you a moment."

"All right, Mr. Dawson," responded a clear manly voice, and the next moment a delicate-looking fellow of twenty entered the private office and approached old Bates.

"I want to say, young man," commenced the old hawk, "that either you or Mr. Frank Dawson there has stolen fifty thousand dollars out of my safe, and I mean to find out which of you is the robber before many hours. In the meantime you are both discharged."

"If you think I'm guilty, Mr. Bates," sobbed James Harding, as he bent his tearful eyes on the old hawk. "I'd like to be arrested right off, and

get a trial. Oh, sir, I never touched a dollar of your money."

"I won't arrest either of you now," growled the old miser, with a fiendish smile. "I won't employ a detective to watch you, either. I'll do all that myself. Clear out, now; and remember that I'll be on your track."

"But you are discharging us, sir," said Dawson. "What will people say?"

"They will say that I have closed my office—given up business—as I mean to do this very day, Dawson. No more policy, no more lottery, no more lending for me. I'm going into a new business; I'm going to play detective. Ha ha, ha! Clear out, now, the pair of you, and remember that I have given you fair warning."

"And you remember, Nick Bates," cried Frank Dawson, in passionate tones, as he shook his fist in the old man's face, "that I am your worst enemy from this day. I know your weak points, you old villain, and I will sting you there. You have a daughter, sir, haven't you?"

"What of my daughter, you scoundrel? You never saw her!"

"No, I never saw her; but I'll make it my business to see her and know her, before a great while."

The old man was about to make a dash at the insulting fellow, when James Harding uttering a cry of indignation, rushed at Frank Dawson, and struck him in the face with his clenched hand.

"How dare you speak of Miss Bates in that way, you puppy!" cried the delicate-looking young man, as he followed up the blow by another, while the old man clapped his hands joyfully, as he cried:

"Give it to him, Harding; give it to him, James, like a good fellow. Smash him; wound him; kill the rascal!"

Frank Dawson was so much astonished at Jim Harding's sudden attack that he received several smart blows before he recovered from his surprise. The old man's exclamations, however, seemed to call him to his senses, and with a cry of rage he raised his right arm and struck Jim Harding a terrible blow between the eyes.

"Take that, you blamed fool," cried Dawson, as he stared down at the delicate lad, who was now stretched on the floor insensible. "And you—you old wretch," he continued, as he turned on Nick Bates with uplifted arm, "you take that, and feel what I'll yet give you."

Out went the powerful arm and the clenched fist, and down, all in a heap, fell Nick Bates.

"Murder! Police!" roared the old man, as he struggled to his feet and ran to the outer office after his assailant, who was beating a hasty retreat down the stairs.

"What is the matter, father?" inquired a soft, pleasant voice, as a veiled figure stood before him in the doorway.

"Is that you, Blanche? Did you see that rascal—that robber—Dawson?"

"How do I know Dawson, father?" inquired the young girl, as she walked into the outer office; "you must remember I never saw him. I saw a gentleman running down the stairs, as I came up."

"That's him, Blanche. He has robbed me, and he struck me. See how he has raised this mark on my forehead. And I know he has killed Jim

Harding, because he resented his insulting you."

"Killed Jim Harding?" cried the young girl, as her eyes fell on the prostrate figure in the other room. "And for insulting me! Oh, father, hand me some water. Poor fellow! Oh, what a coward that man must be to strike such a delicate lad as this."

And Blanche raised the bleeding face from the floor, while she wiped it with her handkerchief, as she continued:

"Water—water, father. He has only fainted, and he'll soon be better. Father, do you know that I love this young man?"

"You love him, Blanche!" exclaimed the old miser. "Why, he's a beggar; a nameless, unknown outcast! You are crazy, Blanche. The fellow is a robber, a thief! I am sure he has stolen my money; and I have just told him so."

"I didn't steal the money, Blanche," faltered the young man, as he opened his eyes and looked up at the young girl's pitying face. "May I never see you again—may I never touch your hand—if I ever touched a dollar of the stolen money."

"I believe you, James," replied Blanche, as she pressed the young man's hand. "Drink this water, and rest on that lounge a while. Father, you just tell me what has occurred?"

"I will, Blanche; I will. But you don't mean that you care for him?"

"I do mean it, father," replied Blanche, in resolute tones. "He will be my husband in less than a month. Never mind about that now, but tell me about this new robbery. Tell me about this man Dawson, and what he said of me."

Still caressing Jim Harding, as she took a seat beside him on the lounge, she listened to her father's story of the robbery, and of his accusing Frank Dawson and the delicate young man.

"You say you will not employ a detective, father?" inquired the young girl, when Nick Bates had finished the recital.

"They are all swindles, Blanche. They are in with the thieves. It would be only throwing away money."

"Very well, father. If I recover the money, if I land the thief in prison, how much will you give me? Cash, mind you, and no promises?"

"What do you want with it, Blanche? You have plenty of your own, your mother's fortune."

"I want it for Jim, here. He will assist me in catching the thief, and he must have the reward. What do you say to ten thousand, if we get back the fifty, or nearly all of it?"

"I will, on one condition, Blanche."

"What is it, sir?"

"Kill the thief—kill Frank Dawson, if he is the thief."

"Leave that to me, father. The wretch has insulted me, and he'll suffer for it. Come, poor James, till I take you home. Father, you lock up this office, and go home. Don't be surprised if you do not see me for a week or so. You watch this man Dawson, and go armed. Don't employ a detective until I tell you."

And the young girl supported the delicate young man, as she led him from the office, and then down the stairs to the cab that was waiting for her on the street.

"Isn't she a beauty, Dawson?"

"The handsomest woman I ever set eyes on, Burnett. Who can she be? Where does she come from?"

"From England, I believe."

"I'll bet a cool hundred and an oyster supper for six I'll be acquainted with her in less than a week, Burnett," returned Frank Dawson, as he kept his admiring eyes fixed on the beautiful actress who was "bringing down the house" in the part of *Parthenia*, in the beautiful play of "Ingo-mar."

A month had passed away since old Bates closed up his office, and disappeared for parts unknown, and Frank Dawson was now established in the old office, carrying on a flourishing business in the same line.

He had heard a great deal about the beautiful actress, Grace Maynard, who had just made her debut at one of the leading theatres in New York, but he had never seen her until the night we find him admiring her from a private box.

On that very night, he succeeded in procuring an introduction to Grace Maynard, who appeared delighted with her new acquaintance.

One night about two weeks after their first meeting, Frank and the young actress were seated in the front room enjoying a glass or two of prime California wine, when the conversation turned on a subject that was nearest to the lover's heart.

"If I could show you fifty-five thousand dollars in a lump, all my own, Grace," said Dawson, as he watched the young girl with a pleasant smile, "and tell you that I have a business bringing me at least six thousand a year, would you take me—"

"Oh, nonsense, Frank," interrupted the young actress, as she arose from her seat, still holding a glass of wine in her hand, "you are simply romancing. You have not ten thousand that you can call your own."

At that moment the curtains at the folding doors were pushed aside, and a hawkish face glared in at the man.

"Let us get down to business at once, Grace," said Dawson, growing excited, as he gazed on the glowing face before him. "There's fifty-five thousand dollars in that package, and they are yours, if you will be my wife."

"Fifty-five thousand dollars!" cried Grace, as she reached forth her hand to take the roll. "I guess they are mine, anyway, Mr. Frank Dawson."

"What do you mean, Grace?"

"I mean, sir, that this money is mine—my father's."

"Your father? Grace Maynard!"

"Blanche Bates, if you please, Mr. Frank Dawson," cried the beauty, with a merry laugh. "I am the young lady you were to marry. My compliments to the lady-killer."

"Treacherous fiend!" yelled the baffled man, as he drew a revolver and aimed it at the beautiful head. "I'll have that money or your life."

A scornful laugh burst out from behind the curtains at the moment, and then the sharp report from a pistol followed.

"Great heaven, I'm shot!" gasped the dandy.

"And I have recovered my money!" cried the old hawk, as he rushed into the room, followed by James Harding. "Every one of those bills is marked, Frank Dawson. There's your prisoner, officer. I guess he'll live to serve out ten years in Sing Sing." And he did.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

EVEN THE MILK BOTTLES WAYWARD IN CHICAGO

Milk dealers of Chicago have subscribed \$500,000 for a bottle pound. The plant is to be used as a temporary home for 200,000 unchaperoned milk bottles lost and wandering in the by-ways every day. The pound will be a block long on Blue Island Avenue. There will be special milk bottle catchers to round up the delinquents.

They will be laundered and sent back to work, carrying milk again instead of loafing about town like their disreputable cousins, gin and whisky bottles. Sixty-eight million bottles were handled by milk dealers last year.

TAKES OFF HIS SHOE IN COURT TO PAY FINE IN LIQUOR CASE

John Corravo, 43 years old, of 88 De Graw Street, excused himself for a moment recently when he was fined \$10 by Federal Judge Campbell on a charge of violation of the Volstead act. He sat down on a nearby chair, removed one of his shoes, withdrew from its depths a sizable roll of banknotes and handed one bill to the clerk. Then he put the roll back, laced the shoe and walked out with springy step.

The charge was an old one, made in May, 1925, but owing to the congested calendar was called only a few days ago. It charged possession of liquor.

ADMIRAL MURPHY "OILS UP" FOR PROSPECT LAKE SEASON

Patrolman "Paddy" Murphy, "Admiral" of the Prospect Park lake fleet of rowboats and guardian of hundreds of Brooklyn boys and girls, who find paddling around the big lake, especially in the moonlight, a "thing of beauty and joy forever," is busy oiling up his motorboat preparatory to a busy season.

Although Patrolman Murphy is a strict disciplinarian, he is a favorite with the children, as also is "Charlie Walsh," his able assistant. Several rescues are credited to these two officers.

With the weather becoming more pleasant, the policeman act in the role of traffic directors, for all the rowboats must pass the bridge near the boathouse which connects the large and the smaller lakes.

REPORTS THAT BLOND BABY GIRLS ARE FAVORITES FOR ADOPTION

The favorite brand in infants is a blond baby girl, according to Miss Helen Baxter, who is in charge of adoptions for the Children's Aid Society. The demand for all kinds of babies far exceeds the supply, she said. Last year the society received nearly 800 applications, but was only able to supply 249 children.

"Monday is our busy day," Miss Baxter said in the review prepared for the seventy-fifth an-

nual report of the society. "For some reason we have many more requests for children for adoption on Monday than on any other day. We can account for this only by the assumption that people have more time on Sunday to discuss and deliberate on the future of their family life.

"The number of requests reaches its peak in December. The approach of the Christmas season always brings a flood of applications from those who want a child in their home during the holidays."

TO ADMIT 80 U. S. FILMS

Although Americans will not have to buy French films before they can sell American films here, as was originally planned, the number of movies that can be imported this year will be restricted to eighty feature films, the French Film Control Commission has decided.

Will Hays, who came here to fight the proposed system whereby foreign films would be admitted in proportion to French films sold abroad, said recently the altered regulations were a good sign, since the Americans are not compelled to buy French pictures.

The commission's new plan is a temporary measure to be in effect while the situation of the French film industry is more thoroughly discussed. The quota system was abandoned at the urgent request of French theatre owners, who pointed out that French producers could not supply the demand.

A further concession is expected after Hays has an interview with Minister of Fine Arts Herriot, who must approve the commission's decision.

LEISURE AND CAR FARE GO FAR IN NEW YORK

New York, demanding no greater outlay than car fare, affords the widest variety of entertainment for its citizens whose incomes are such that any expenditures must be carefully regulated. Recently a man whose income is small, and whose health does not permit him to do extra work, complained to a friend that time hung very heavy on his hands and that matinees, concerts and similar entertainments were out of his reach. From the Sunday newspapers the friend made up for him a list of things to do during his leisure hours for a week to come—with no more than car fare needed.

At the end of the week the man reported that he had attended two lectures, a stereopticon travelog and a band concert; that he had visited the Jumel Mansion and been taken over an ocean liner on a tour of inspection; that he had gone to the Metropolitan Museum and the American Museum of Natural History; and he had seen a parade and attended two special services with music in churches. He had no time to visit the Aquarium, the Zoo or the Botanical Gardens or several other museums and collections which had been listed for him. Nor had he had time to sit on a park bench feeling sorry for himself.

CURRENT NEWS

BACK "PARENTS' DAY"

Mothers' Day will become Parents' Day, to show no discrimination against fathers, if the plan of the New York State Board of American War Mothers' Association is carried through. The National Board of the association is expected to petition Congress to pass a law giving the day to fathers as well as to mothers. The New York State Executive Board adopted the plan recently.

Mrs. Charles Haas, President of the State organization, said war mothers had felt, for a long time, that fathers had not been given a fair deal or had their importance to the home recognized.

SMALLPOX KILLS 650

Despatches to *El Universal* from Guadalajara say an alarming epidemic of small-pox, which has caused 650 deaths within a few days in two villages, is raging in the Los Altos region of the State of Jalisco.

The despatches say that in the town of Arandas 450 have died from small-pox, and there are 200 dead in the Village of Jesus Maria. There is much sickness also in Los Altos, Atotonilco, Tepatitlal and other towns.

TEXAS TOWNS' CELEBRATE WHEN NATURAL GAS ARRIVES

Scenes of half a century ago, across the country, are re-enacted in the Southwest as natural gas is brought to hundreds of towns.

The completion of the pipe line is an occasion for a celebration. A great flare from the gas main is lighted. The Mayor and the Chamber of Commerce President make speeches, the town band plays "Dixie" and the Boy Scouts stand at attention. A barbecue winds up the city's party.

More than 300 towns in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico have been linked to the gas fields in the last year. Many of these places had been getting coal from great distances.

BLAMES "HYSTERICAL WOMEN" FOR CAUSING PRINCE'S UPSETS

Hysterical women who crowd around the jumps at race meetings in England in which the Prince of Wales rides are blamed by *The Sunday Express* for many of his recent falls.

The newspaper, under the caption, "Fair Play for the Prince," prints this morning the statement that these women crowd the Prince and his horse with shrill cries of welcome when they are about to take the jump with the result that the mount is frightened and its rider often thrown.

Attention is called in the story to a recent meeting at which, it is said, Wales was riding Lady Doon. Crowds of enthusiastic women crowded around them as they left the paddock, so terrifying the mare that the Prince had the utmost difficulty in managing her. Similar demonstrations at the jumps caused her to refuse them.

The paper states that hunting circles have decided unless these demonstrations cease, precautions will be taken to see that the Prince has a sporting chance in the future.

CHARLEMAGNE TOWER'S END

The collapse on March 23 of the structure at Tours which has long figured in French guide books as the Charlemagne Tower removed the last vestige of the famous medieval basilica of St. Martin. The tower stood at the end of the Rue des Halles, where, at the beginning of the Rue Descartes, since the demolition of old St. Martin, had been erected a new basilica in Romano-Byzantine style, designed by Laloux.

The fallen tower was 150 feet high. Its fall is declared by the local press to have been like the discharge of thousands of machine guns, rapidly assuming the roar of a barrage and then gradually subsiding. There were no fatalities, the houses in the vicinity having been evacuated. Several streets were filled with the wreckage.

The structure, according to tradition, contained the sepulchre of Hildegarde, third wife of Charlemagne. This will be known for certain when the debris has been cleared away. The basilica, which with its tower had endured for nearly 1,000 years was demolished in 1797-99, when the Rue Descartes was prolonged. The tower was then pronounced unsafe, but the engineers of the town could never obtain a sufficient appropriation to have it pulled down.

SEA ELEPHANT ON HUNGER STRIKE

As if there wasn't enough gloom in the circus recently over the failure of Heloise, Abelard, Ingomar, Cymbeline and Shannon—the five ostriches—to lay an Easter egg, thus shattering an annual egg-laying custom of years, Goliath had to go on a herring strike in Madison Square Garden.

The mammoth marine mastodon, otherwise a sea elephant, has been daintily disposing daily of some 400 pounds of herring (at 10 cents a pound.) Easter or no Easter, Goliath with some conscious effort recently made up his mind he was tired of herring—let alone 400 pounds of it at 10 cents a pound.) So his keepers tried whiting (at 10½ cents a pound.) It was no use, Goliath sulked in his tank.

One bright keeper suggested sardines, but another keeper, still brighter, pointed out that Goliath might not be able to open the cans. Besides, the second keeper, added, with the millions of sardines necessary to appease Goliath's hunger, it would be lunch time before he finished his breakfast.

Goliath will be tempted with whiting again. If he still turns up what passes among sea elephants as a nose his keepers will make forays up and down the finny scale, hoping eventually to hit upon a piscatorial tidbit.

Dexter Fellows, who is hired to suppress information about the circus, denied indignantly that any of the camels, with singular or plural humps, was suffering from halitosis. Mr. Fellows said he thought the rumor had been spread by a jealous muskox.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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